Glen 59.

4333054

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th *January* 1927.

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Wilt thou be my Dearie

P. S.

Glen 59

THE

Scottish Minstrel;

A

SELECTION

OF THE MOST FAVOURITE

SONGS OF CALEDONIA;

Adapted for the

Voice, German Flute, and Violin.

EDINBURGH;

PRINTED BY OLIVER & CO. NETHERBOW.

1807.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

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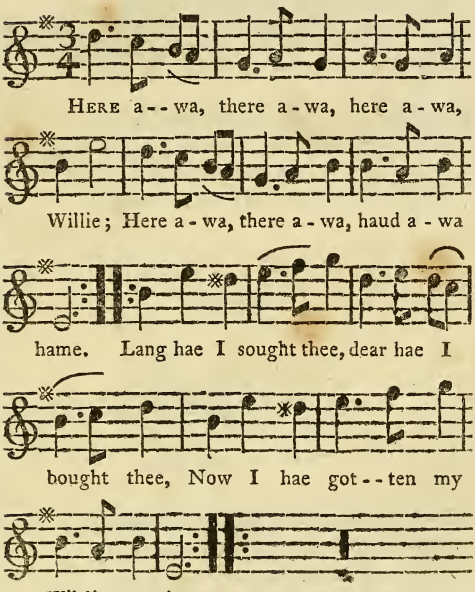
THE

MINSTREL.

Here awa, there awa.



Through the lang muir I hae follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I hae follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me;
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame:
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And shew her the way to haud awa hame.

Wandering Willie.

To the foregoing Tune.

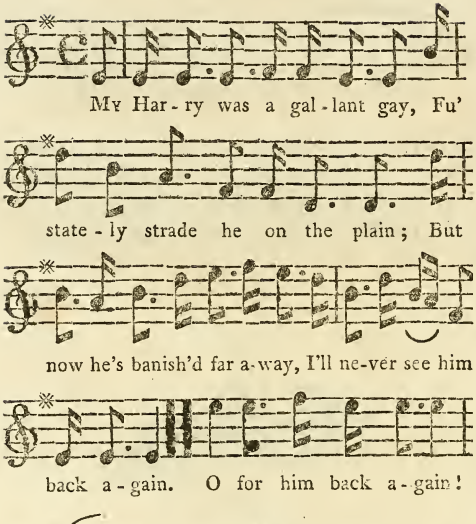
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But ah! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

Highland Harry.



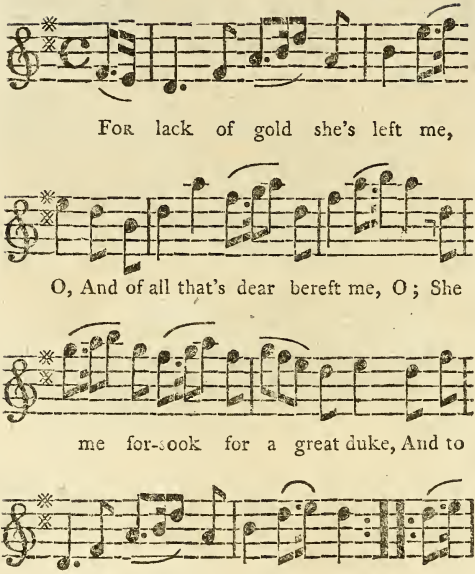
wad gie a' Knock - has - pie's land For

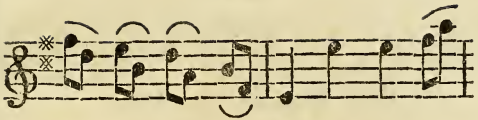
Highland Har - ry back a-gain.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen ;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

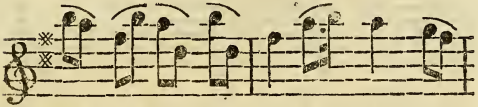
O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain ;
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

For Lack of Gold.

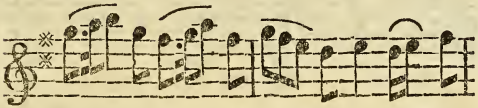




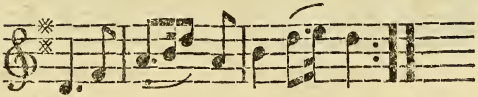
star and gar - - ter have more art, Than



youth, a true and faith - fu' heart; For



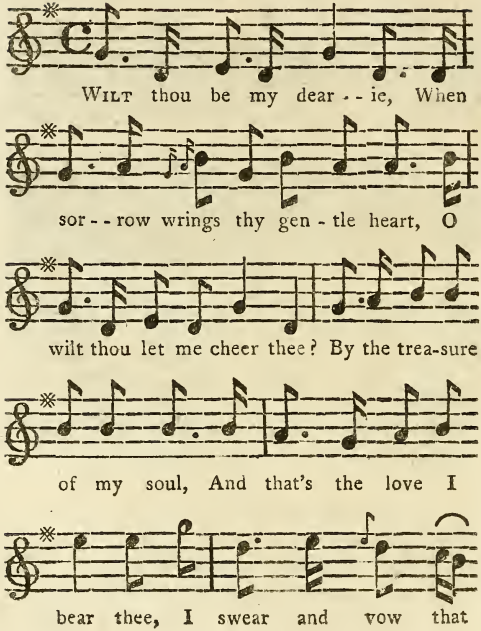
emp - ty ti - - tles we must part, And for

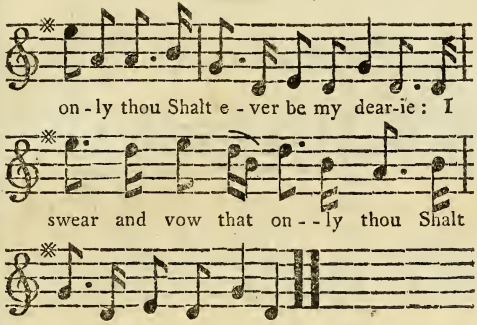


glitt'ring show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she has ever left me, O.

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

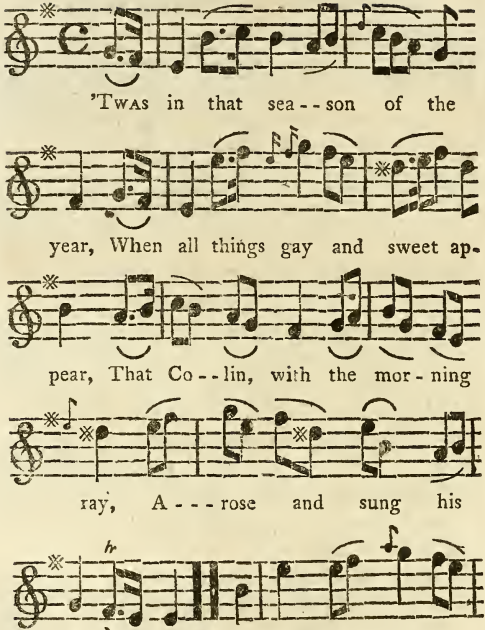


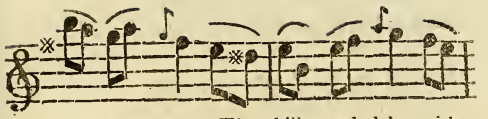


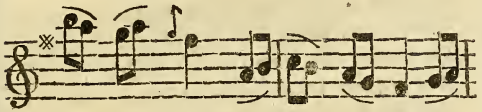
Lassie, say thou loes me,
And if thou winna be my ain,
O say na thou'll refuse me.
If it manna, canna be,
That thou for thine may choose me,
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die,
Ay trusting that thou loes me.

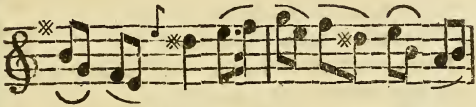
Flower of beauties, hear me,
And dinna treat me wi' disdain;
A' ither ills I fear na,
Gin thou wad only smile on him,
Could part wi' life to please thee;
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,
Gin thou wilt be my dearie.

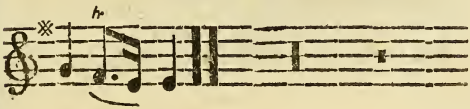
Roslin Castle.











Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away;

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

The Answer.

To the foregoing Tune.

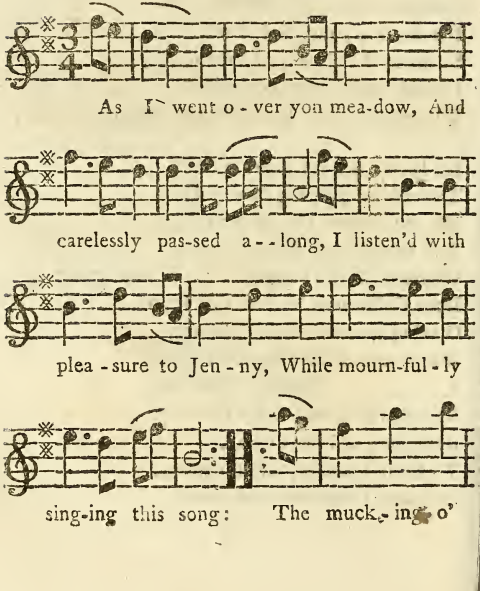
From Roslin Castle's echoing walls
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

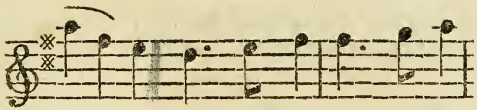
No longer can my heart conceal
The painful-pleasing flame I feel;
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my songster? From what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love my bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ears my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.

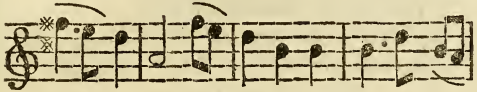
Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell I haste his arms to bless.

Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.

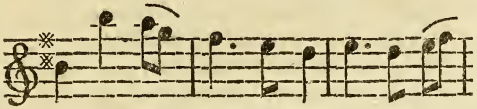




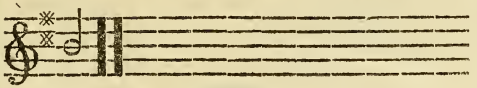
Geor-die's byre, And the shool-ing the



gruip sae clean, Has aft gart me spend the night



sleepless, And brought the saut tears frae my



een.

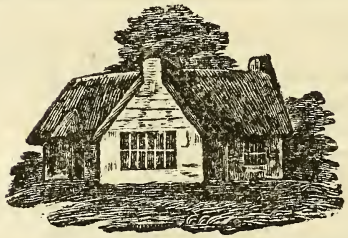
It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mother's desire,
That ever I should fyle my fingers
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,
Or the day sae scoury and foul,

I wad ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than school.
The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
For being wi' Geordie sae free;
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
Although he was cunning and slee;
He ca's me his dear and his honey,
And I'm sure my Geordie lo'es me.
The mucking, &c.



Tam Glen.

To the foregoing Tune.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what maun I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen?

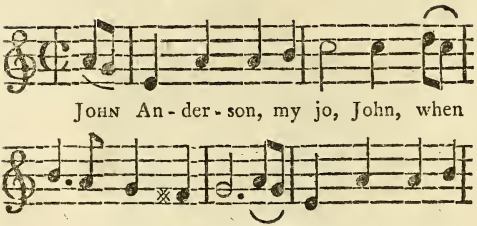
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummiller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

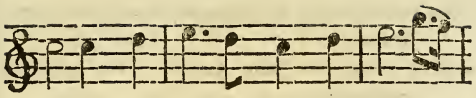
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

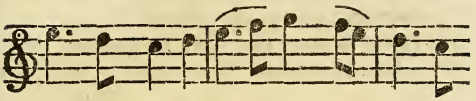
Yestreen at the valentines dealin,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failin,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

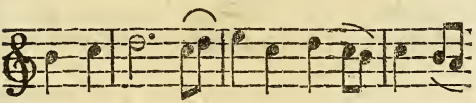
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

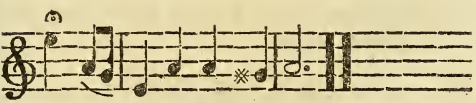
John Anderson, my Jo.











John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ay at kirk and market, I've kept you trim and neat;
There's some folk say ye're failing, John, but I scarce believe it's so,
For ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man and wife;
We've ay ha'en bit and brat, John, great blessings here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson, my jo.

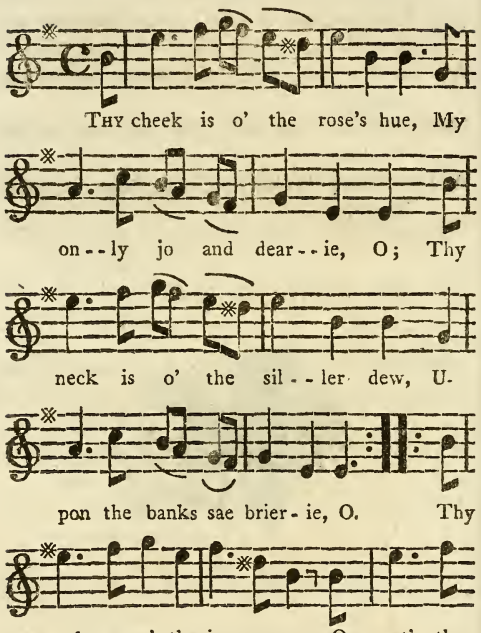
John Anderson, my jo, John, the warld loes us baith;
We ne'er spak ill o' neibours, John, nor did them ony skaith;
To live in peace and quietness was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead, John Anderson, my jo.

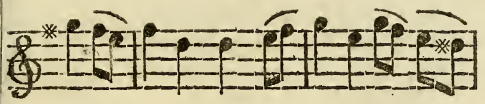
John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last;

But let not that affright us, John, our hearts were
ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've liv'd, John An-
derson, my jo.

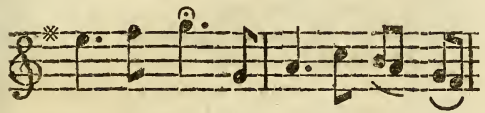
John Anderson, my jo, John, we've clamb the hill
thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the fit, John Anderson,
my jo.

My only Jo and Dearie, O.





twinkle o' thine ee: Nae joy, nae plea-sure,



blinks on me, My on--ly jo and

dearie, O.

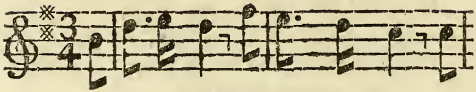
The birdie sings upon the thorn,
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the li'elang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.

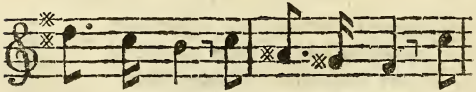
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

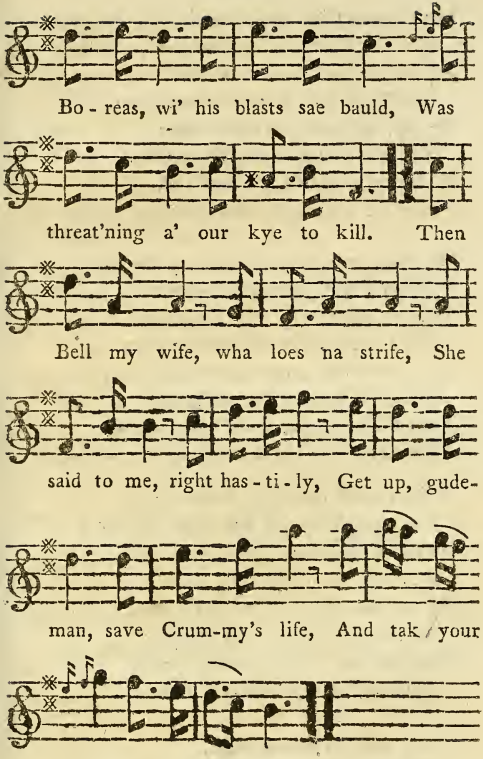
Tak your Auld Cloak about ye.



In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And



frost and snaw on il - - - ka hill, And


Bo - reas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was
threat'ning a' our kye to kill. Then
Bell my wife, wha loes na strife, She
said to me, right has - ti - ly, Get up, gude-
man, save Crum-my's life, And tak your
auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Crummy is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns mou',
And I am laith that she should tine.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time;
The sun shines in the lift sae hie:
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won;
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but hauf a crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou a man o' low degree;
It's pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

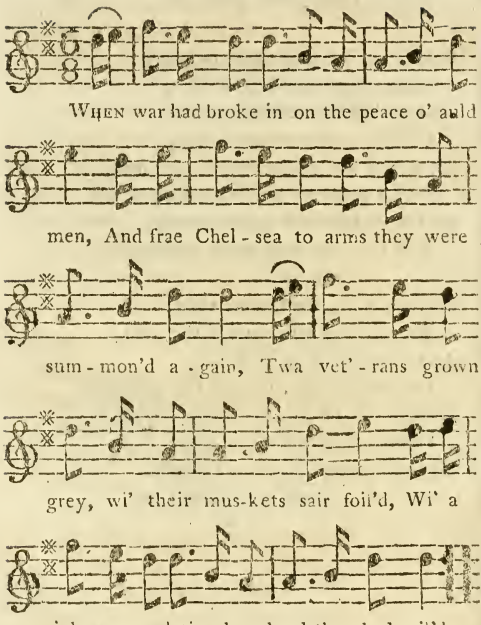
Ev'ry land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool,

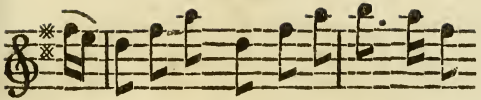
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklin in the asei?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

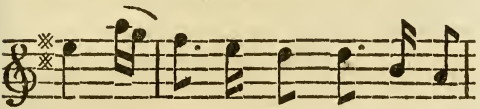
Gudeman, I wat it's thretty years
Since we did ane anither ken,
And we hae had, atween us twa,
O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
And if you prove a gude husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

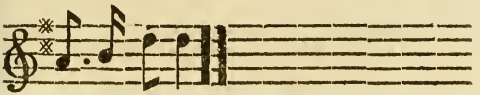
Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Days o' Langsyne.







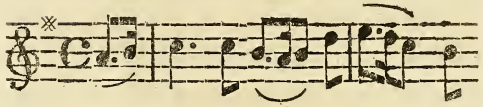


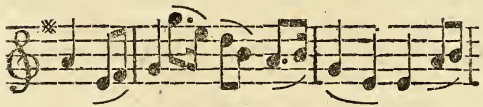
Eh, Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,
The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day:
Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our gen'ral but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

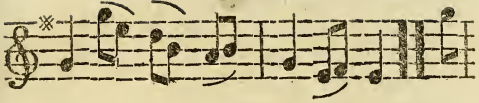
But garrison duty is a' we can do;
Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still true:
We car'd na for dangers by land or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me:
And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
They shar'd a' our danger, though ever sae hard,
Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward.
Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
And to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

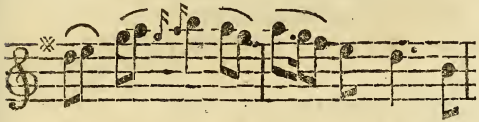
The Lass of Ballochmyle.



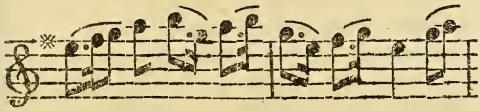




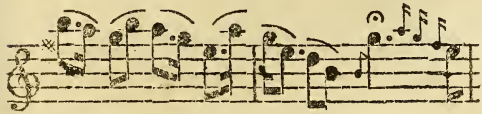
bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang. In



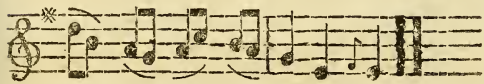
ev' - - ry glen the ma - - - vis sang, All



na - - ture list' - ning seem'd the while, Ex-



cept where green-wood e-choes rang, A - - -



mang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

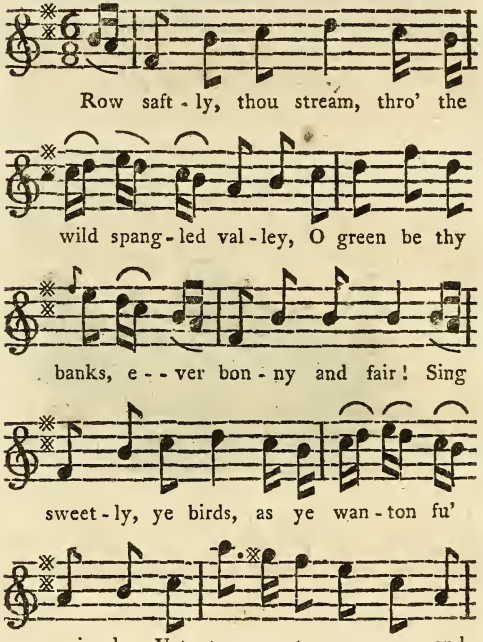
With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile:
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

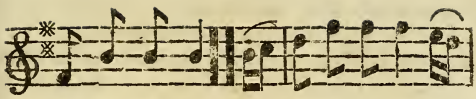
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

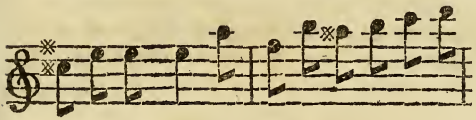
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honour lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward sink the Indian mine.
Gie me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Captain O'Kaine.

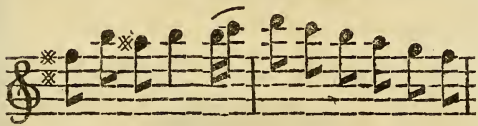




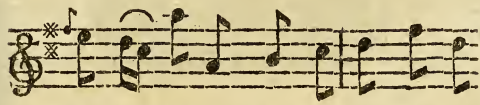
strangers to care. The weary day lang, I



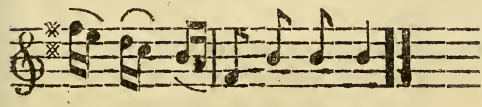
list to your sang, And waste il-ka moment, sad,



cheerless, alane: Each sweet lit-tle treasure o'



heart-cheering plea-sure, Far fled frae my



bo--som wi' Captain O'Kaine.

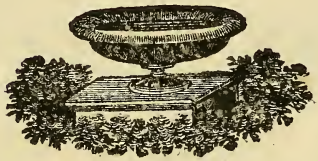
Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
And twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn:
Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin;
Sweet days o' delight, which can never return!
Now ever, waes me! the tear fills mine ee,
And sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain;
Nae prospect returning to gladden life's morning,
For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine.

The Chevalier's Lament.

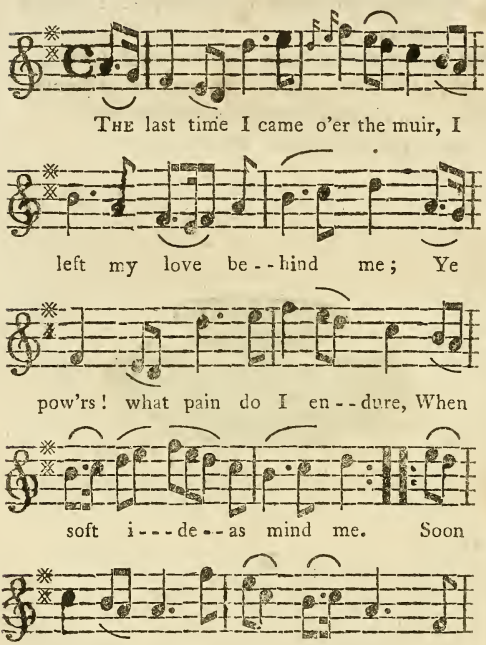
To the foregoing Tune.

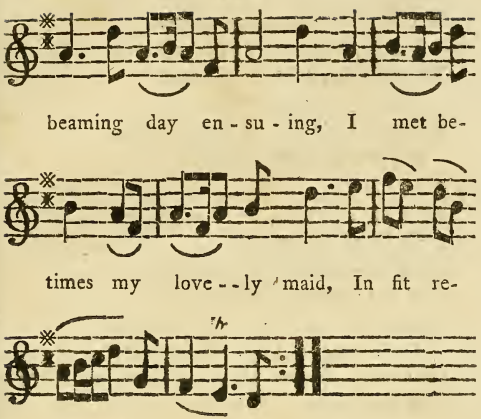
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the vale;
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice?
A king and a father to place on his throne.
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return?



The last Time I came o'er the Muir.





Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
That could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,

Or cast upon some desert shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Young Peggy.

To the foregoing Tune.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
  Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
  With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
  That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
  And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

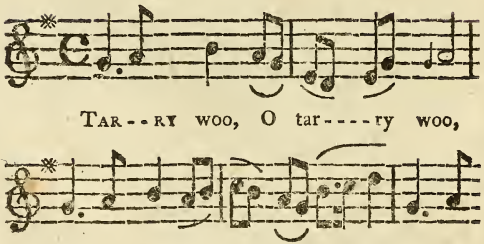
Her lips more than the cherry's bright,
  A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
  And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smile is like the ev'ning mild,
  When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
  In playful bands disporting.

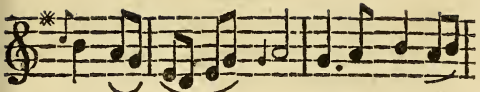
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
  Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
  Of surly, savage winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to lessen,
And spiteful Envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

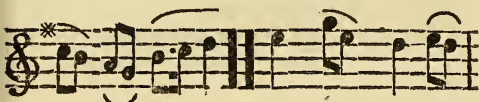
Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

Tarry Woo.

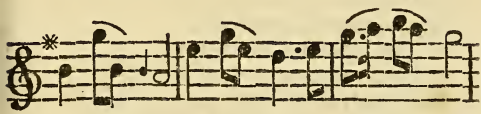




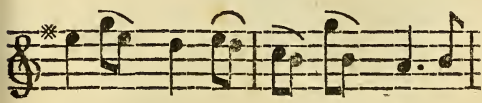
weel, O card it weel, Card it weel ere



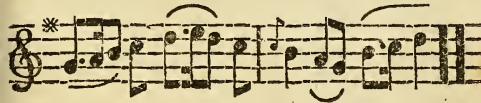
ye be - - gin. When it's card - ed,



row'd, and spun, Then the work is haf - lens done;



But when wo - ven, drest, and clean, It



may be clead - ing for a queen.

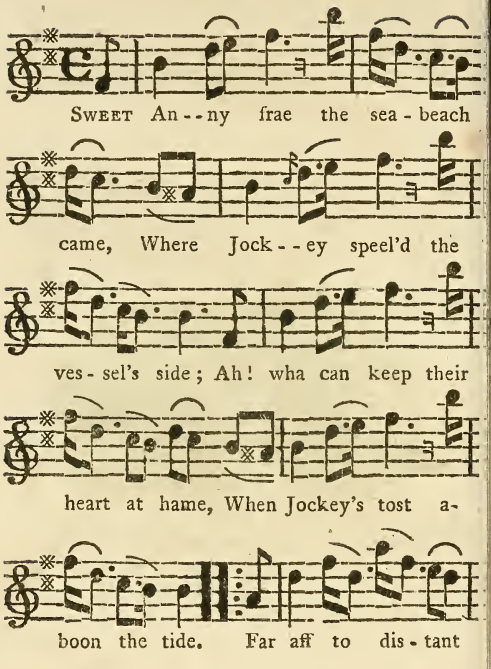
Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain's steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by hauf sae usefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plough,
A' are oblig'd to tarry woo.

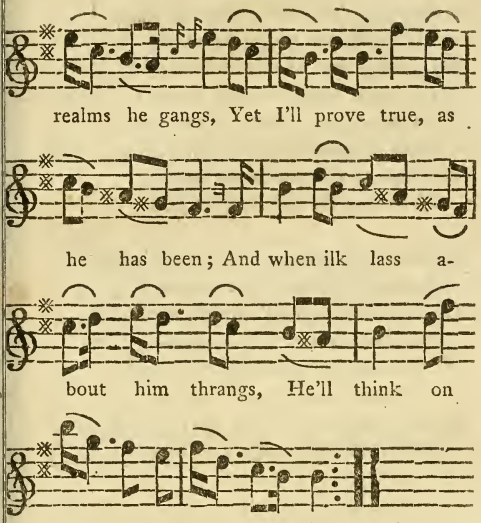
Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Sing in praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fu';
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae.
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Weel defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king? can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well,
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
Wi' honest heart and tarry woo.

Sweet Anny.


SWEET An--ny frae the sea-beach
came, Where Jock--ey speel'd the
ves-sel's side; Ah! wha can keep their
heart at hame, When Jockey's tost a-
boon the tide. Far aff to dis-tant



I met our wealthy laird yestreen;
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
What though my Jockey's far away,
Tost up and down the dinsome main?
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jockey wad be troubled sair,
To see his friend his love betray:
For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithfu' flow;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockey's head,
And gar the waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What though my Jockey's far away?
Yet he will braw in siller shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may again be mine.

Wi' waefu' Heart and sorrowing Ee.

To the foregoing Tune.

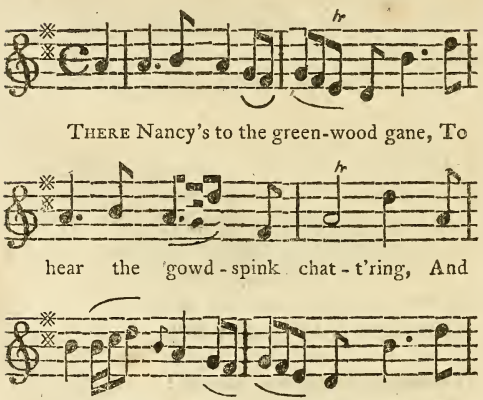
Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowing ee,
I saw my Jamie sail awa:
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he past the Berwick Law.
How joyless now seem'd a' behind!
I ling'ring stray'd alang the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind,
That I might never see him more.

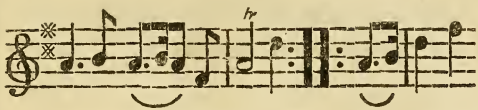
The night came on wi' heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries;
The wreck was seen with dawning day:
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle o' gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;

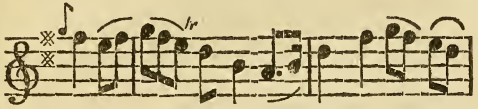
'Twill ease my burden'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb.
Wi' sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
And 'tend them through the langsome year;
I'll water them ilk morn and eve
Wi' deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

Nancy's to the Green-wood gane.

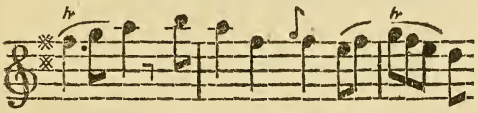




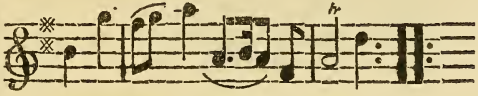
gain her love by flatt'ring. But a' that



he could say or do, She geck'd and scorned



at him; And ay when he be--gan to



woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quo' he,
My minnie, or my auntie?
Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail, and ranty-tanty:
Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,
O' thae there was right plenty,

Wi' chapped stocks fu' butter'd weel;
And was na that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
It's daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a gude kail-yard,
A ha'-house, and a pantry;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his craigy;
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on gude shanks-naigy.

Now, wae and wonder on your snout!
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
Wad ye compare yoursel to me?
A docken till a tansy!
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy;
And weel I wat, his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy! what needs a' this din?
Do I na ken this Sandy?
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy.
His minny, Meg, upon her back,
Bare baith him and his billy:
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a gude braid sword,
Though it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty:
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he doesna fear ye.
Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair;
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

Farewel thou Stream.

To the foregoing Tune.

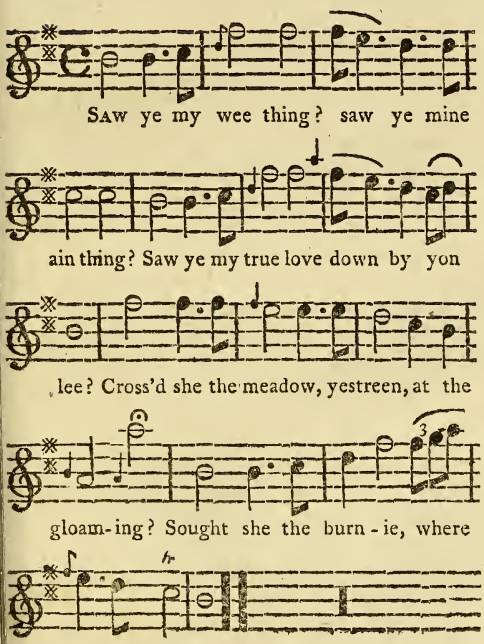
Farewel thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

Mary of Castle Cary.



" Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;
" Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee!
" Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses:
" Whare could my wee thing wander frae me?"

' I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
' Nor saw I your true-love down by yon lee:
' But I met my bonny thing late in the gloamin,
' Down by the burnie, whare flow'rs the haw tree.

' Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white;
' Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
' Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
' Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

" It was na my wee thing, it was na mine ain thing,
" It was na my true-love ye met by the tree:
" Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
" She never lo'ed leman till ance she lo'ed me.

" Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
" Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.
" Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
" Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

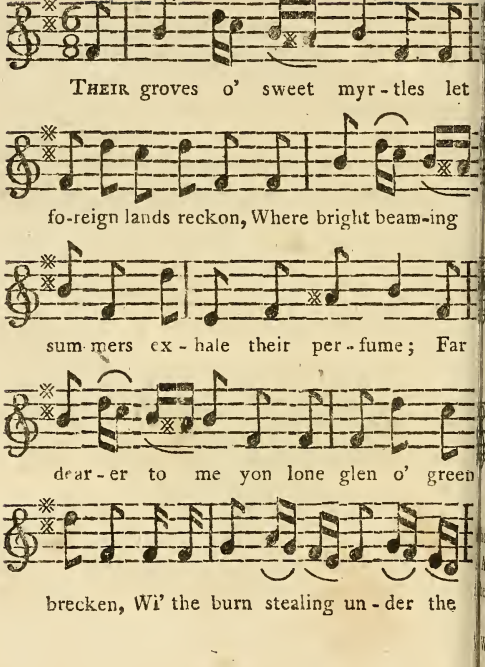
' It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
' It was then your true-love I met by the tree.
' Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
' Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

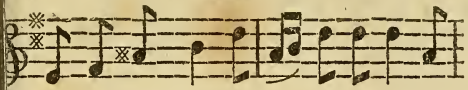
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee:
" Ye'se rue sair this morning, your boasting and " scorning;
" Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!"

' Awa wi' beguiling,' then cried the youth, smiling:
Aff gade the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling ee.

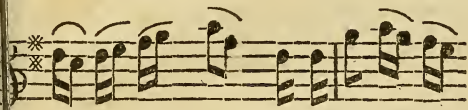
" Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
" Is it my true-love here that I see?"
' O Jamie, forgie me! your heart's constant to me:
' I'll never mair wander, my true-love, frae thee.'

Caledonia.

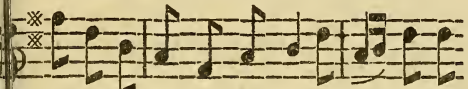

Their groves o' sweet myr-tles let
fo-reign lands reckon, Where bright beam-ing
sum-mers ex-hale their per-fume; Far
dear-er to me yon lone glen o' green
brecken, Wi' the burn stealing un-der the



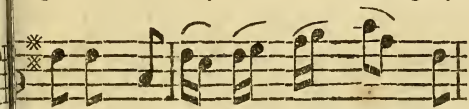
lang yel - low broom. Far dear - er to me yon



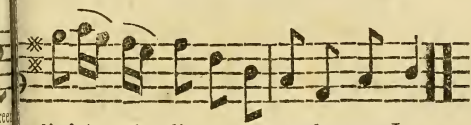
humble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and



gowan lurk low - ly unseen ; For there lightly



trip-ping a-mang the wild flowers, A-

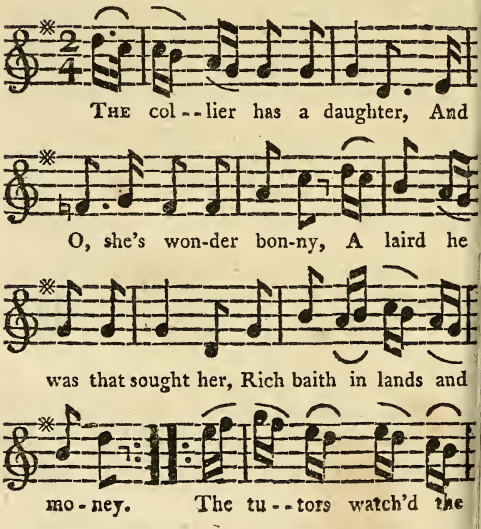


list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

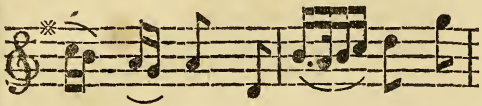
o' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
eir sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they ?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

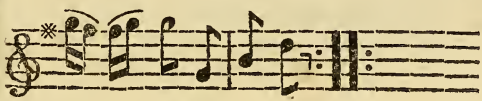
The Collier's bonny Lassie.



motion Of this young honest lover; But



love is like the o - - - cean, Wha



can its deeps dis - co - ver?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.

After mature resolving,
  Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
  Let naething discompose ye;
It's no your scanty tocher
  Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I hae gear in plenty,
  And love says it's my duty
To wair what heav'n has lent me
  Upon your wit and beauty.

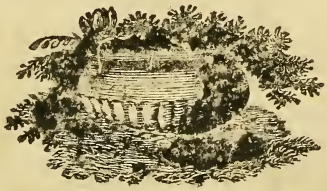
Bonny Lesley.

To the foregoing Tune.

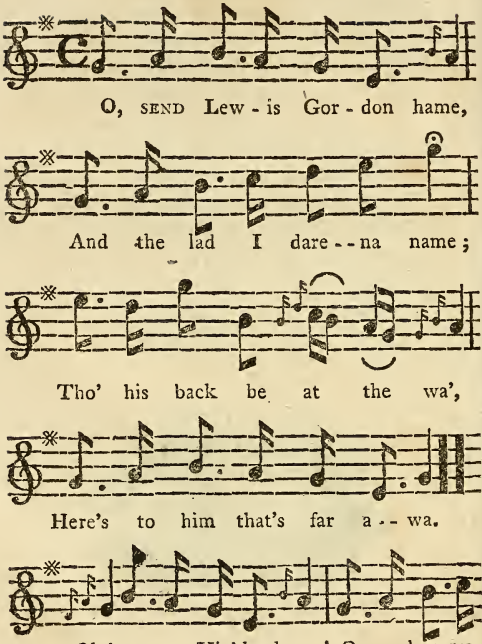
O saw ye bonny Lesley
  As she gade o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,
  And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
  And ne'er made sic anither.

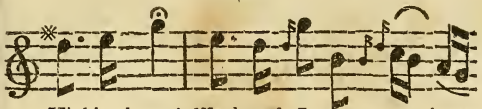
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The deil he could na skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

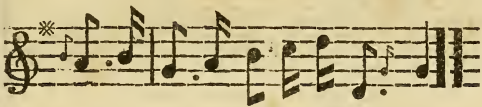
The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt like themsels, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonny.



Lewis Gordon.





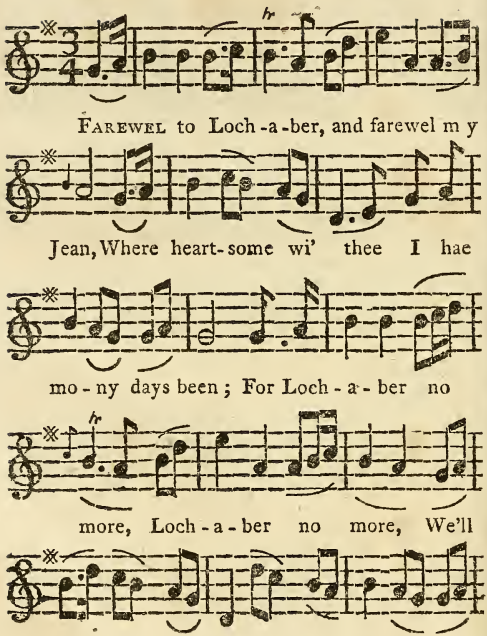


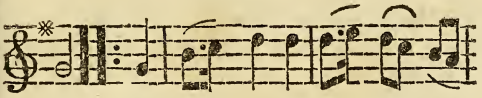
Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Oh hon, &c.

The princely youth of whom I sing
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the god o' war.
Oh hon, &c.

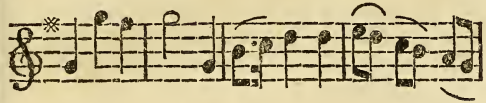
O, to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Oh hon, &c.

Farewel to Lochaber.

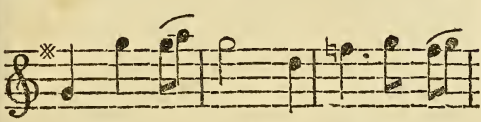




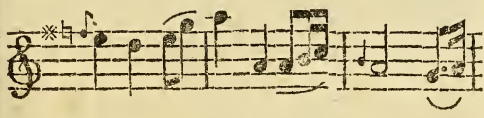
more. These tears that I shed they are



a' for my dear, And no for the dangers at-



tend-ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough



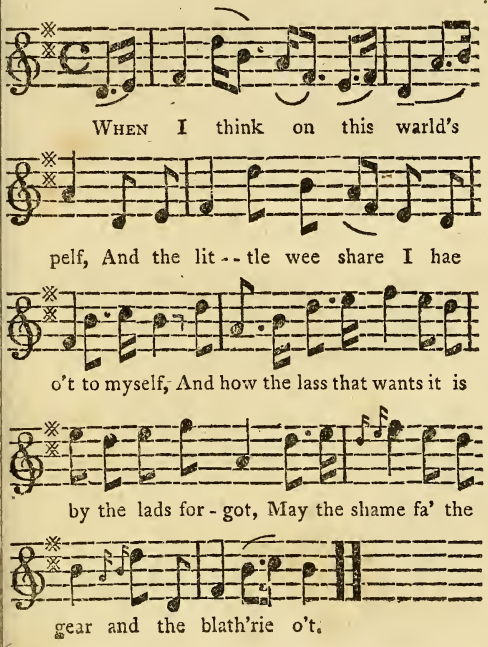
seas to a far bloody shore, May-

be to re-turn to Locha-ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Blath'rie o't.

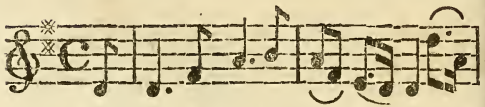


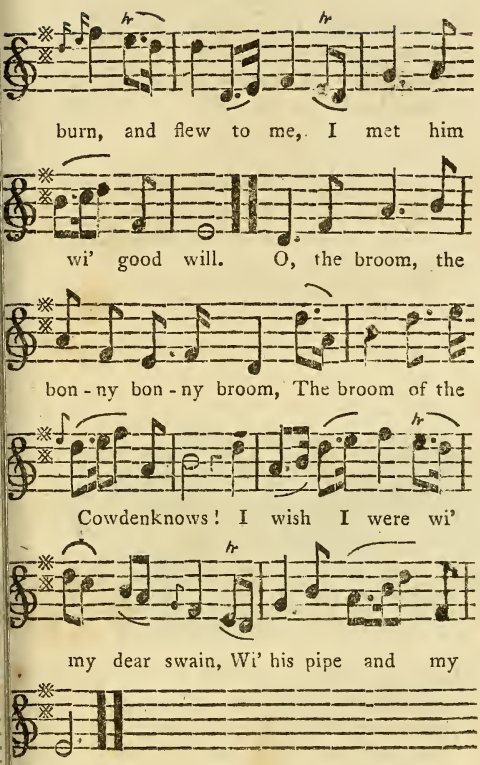
Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:
May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot:
May the shame, &c.

But a' this shall never daunton me,
As lang's I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a groat:
May the shame, &c.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.




burn, and flew to me, I met him
wi' good will. O, the broom, the
bon-ny bon-ny broom, The broom of the
Cowdenknows! I wish I were wi'
my dear swain, Wi' his pipe and my
ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds sat list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Though e'er sae rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

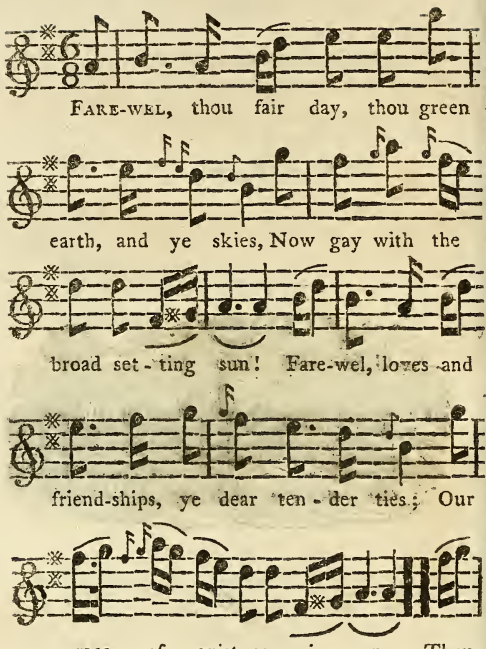
Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

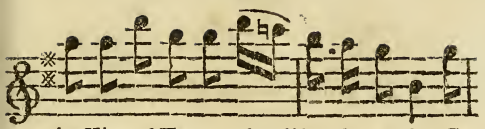
He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

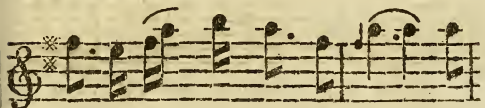
My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee sowp whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
May now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

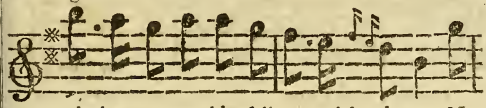
Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

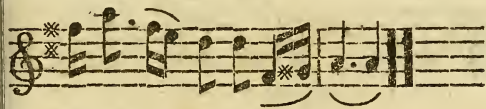
The Song of Death.





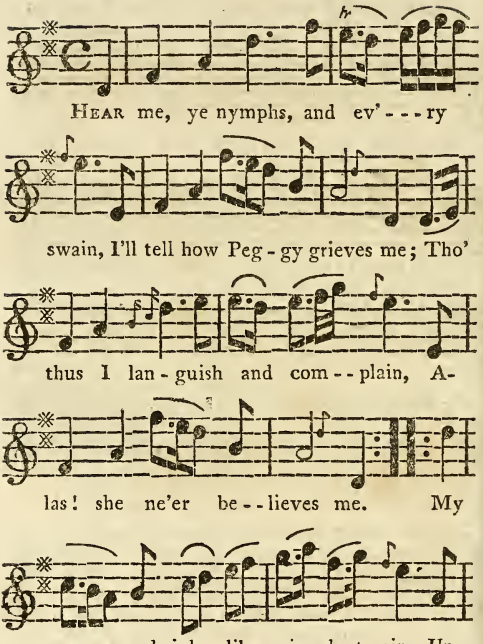


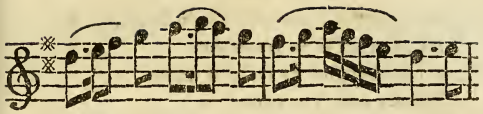


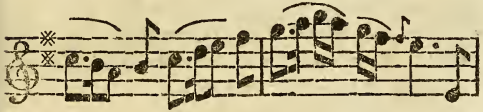


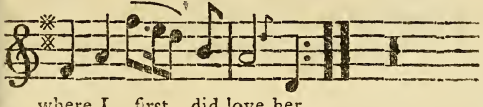
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

The Bush aboon Traquair.









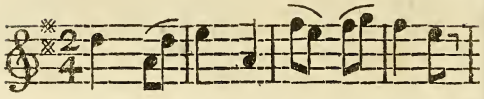
That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

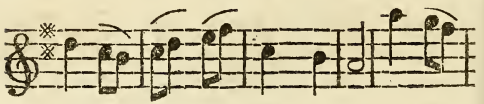
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May;
Its sweets I'll ay remember:
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

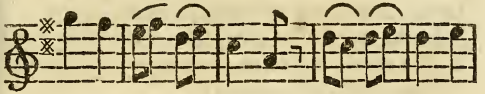
Burns' Farewell to Ayrshire.



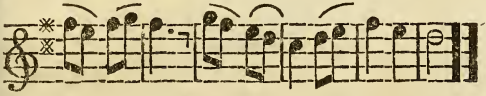
Scenes of woe, and scenes of plea - sure,



Scenes that for - mer thoughts re-new; Scenes of



woe and scenes of plea-sure, Now a sad and



last a-dieu; Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang:
Bonny Doon, where early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

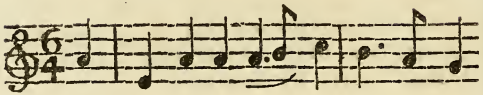
Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.

Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

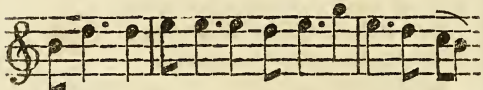
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me:
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew:
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

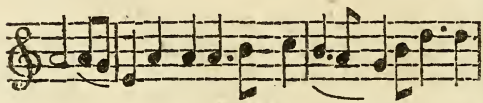
Bonny Dundee.



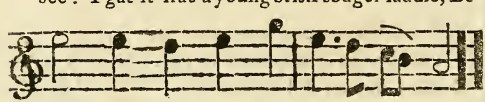
O WHARE did ye get that hau-ver-meal



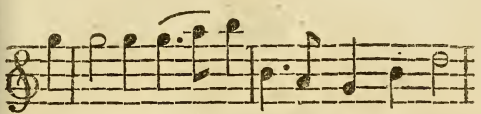
bannock? O sil-ly blind bo-dy, O din-na ye

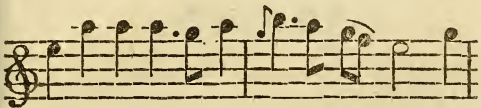


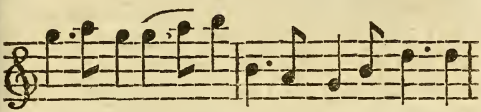
see? I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie, Be-

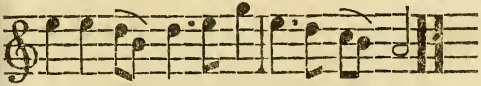


tween Saint Johnstoun and bonny Dundee.









My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie,
My blessings upon that bonny ee-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear,
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddy dear.

Another Set.

To the foregoing Tune.

O WHARE gat ye that bonny blue bannet?
O silly blind body, canna ye see?
I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,
Atween Saint Johnstoun and bonny Dundee.
And O, gin I saw but the laddie that gae me't!
Fu' aft has he doudled me upon his knee;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
O gin he was back to his minny and me!

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty;
His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my ee:
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
Gin we could ance meet, we'se ne'er part till we die.
And O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan!
Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
O gin he was back to his minny and me!

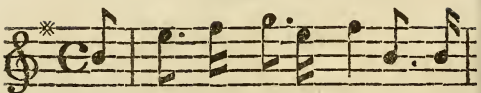
Jessie.

To the foregoing Tune.

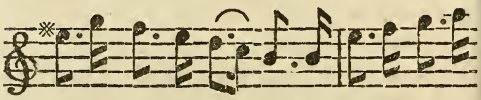
TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithfu', and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over:
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain:
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her ee he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger;
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

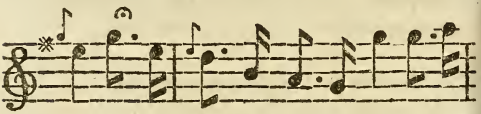
The young Highland Rover.



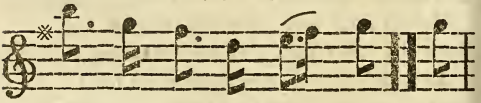
Loud blaw the fros - ty bree-zes, The



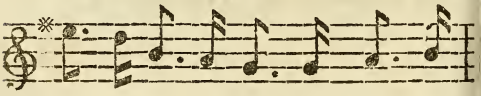
snaws the mountains co - ver, Like winter on me



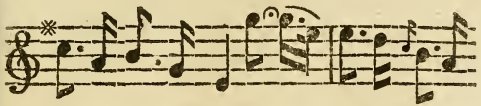
seizes, Since my young Highland rover Far



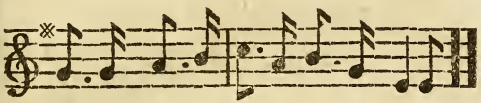
wan - ders na - tions o - - - ver. Where-



e'er he go, where'er he stray, May



Heaven be his warden; Re-turn him safe to



fair Strathspey, And bonny Cas - tle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging;
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle Gordon.

O wha is she that loes me.

To the foregoing Tune.

O WHA is she that loes me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that loes me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer,
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

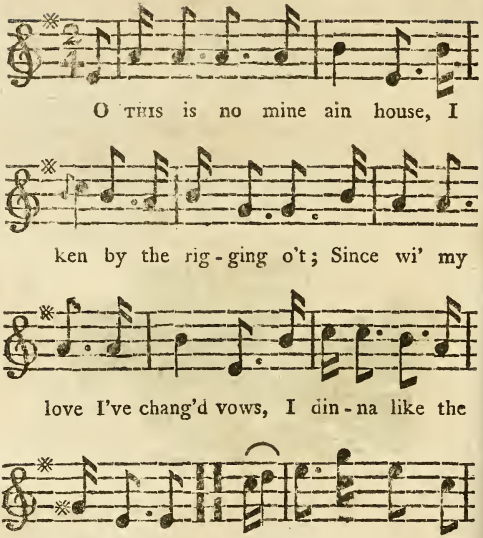
If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic pow'rs alarming.
O that's the lassie, &c.

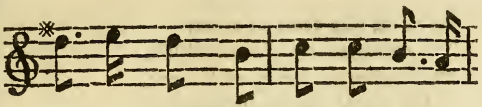
If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,

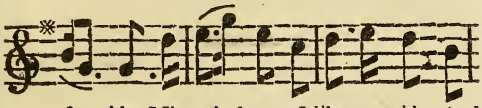
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted.
O that's the lassie, &c.

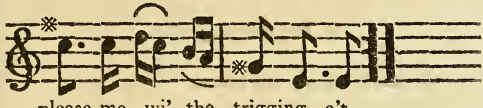
If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted.
O that's the lassie, &c.

This is no mine ain House.









Then fareweel to my father's house;
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To mak me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane weary of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

This is no my ain Lassie.

To the foregoing Tune.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

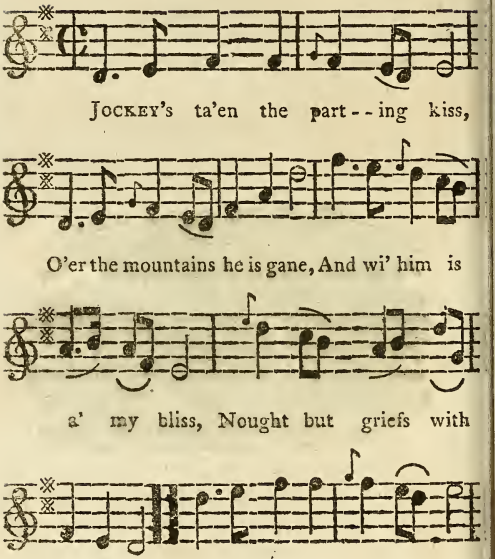
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

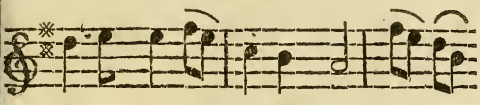
She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

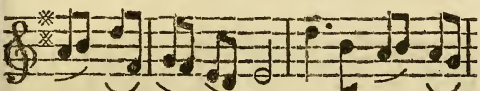
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss.

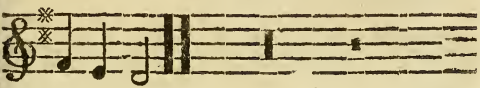




Plashy sleets, and beat-ing rain; Spare my



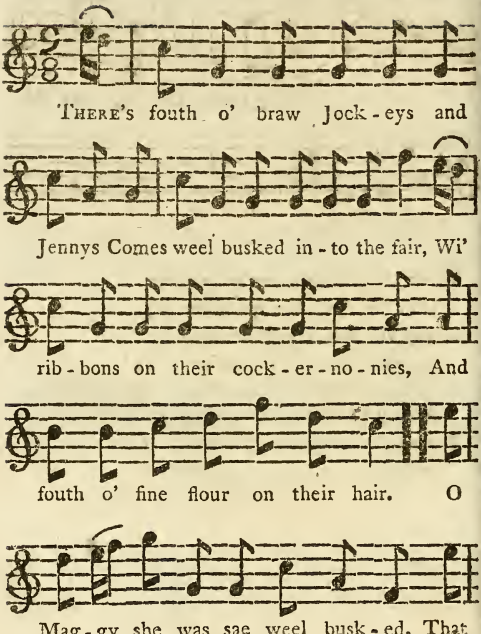
love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the

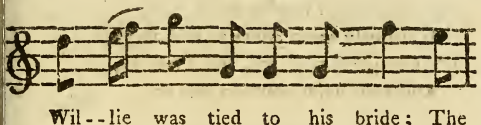


frozen plain.

When the shades of ev'ning creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

Hallow Fair.


THERE's fouth o' braw Jock-eys and
Jennys Comes weel busked in-to the fair, Wi'
rib-bons on their cock-er-no-nies, And
fouth o' fine flour on their hair. O
Mag-gy she was sae weel busk-ed, That



But Maggie was wondrous jealous,
To see Willie busked sae braw;
And Sawney he sat in the ale-house,
And hard at the liquor did ca'.
There was Geordie that weel loed his lassie,
He took the pint stoup in his arms,
And hugg'd it, and said, Troth they're saucy
That loes na a gude father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,
Was mounted upon a grey cowte,
Wi' sword by his side, like a caddie,
To drive in the sheep and the nowte.

His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,
Wi' hair pouther'd, hat, and a feather,
And housing at courpon and tee.

But Bruckie play'd *boo* to Bawsie,
And aff scour'd the cowte like the win';
Poor Wattie he fell on the causey,
And birs'd a' the banes in his skin.
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt:
The folk they came round him in clusters,
Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was ye hurt?

The cowte wad let naebody steer him,
He was ay sae wanton and skeigh;
The packmens stands he o'erturn'd them,
And gart a' the fair stand abeigh.
Wi' sneering behind and before him;
For sic is the mettle o' brutes;
Poor Wattie, and wae's me for him,
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

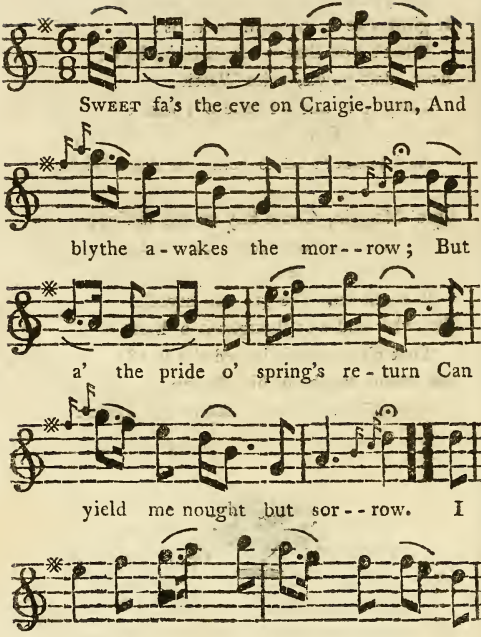
Now it was late in the ev'ning,
And bughting-time was drawing near;
The lasses had stenched their greening
Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.
There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,
And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,

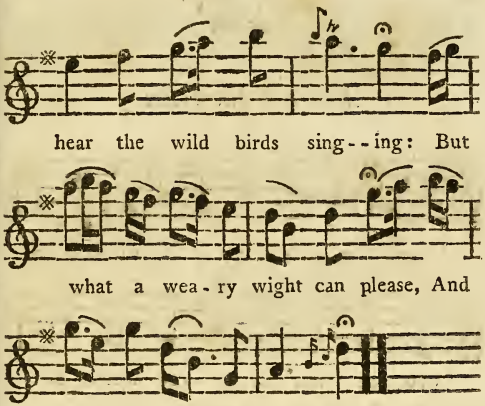
Stood glowring at signs and glass winnocks,
But deil a lad bade them come in.

Gude guide's! saw ye ever the like o't?
See yonder's a bonny black swan;
It glowrs as it wad fain be at us;
What's yon that it hauds in its han'?
Awa, daft gowk, cries Wattie,
They're a' but a rickle o' sticks;
See there is Bill, Jock, and auld Hackie,
And yonder's Mess John and Auld Nick.

Quo' Maggie, Come buy us our fairing,
To Wattie, wha sleely could tell,
I think thou'rt the flow'r o' the clachan,
In troth now I'se gie you mysel.
But wha wad e'er thought it o' him,
That e'er he had rippled the lint?
Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
Though she did baith scalie and squint.

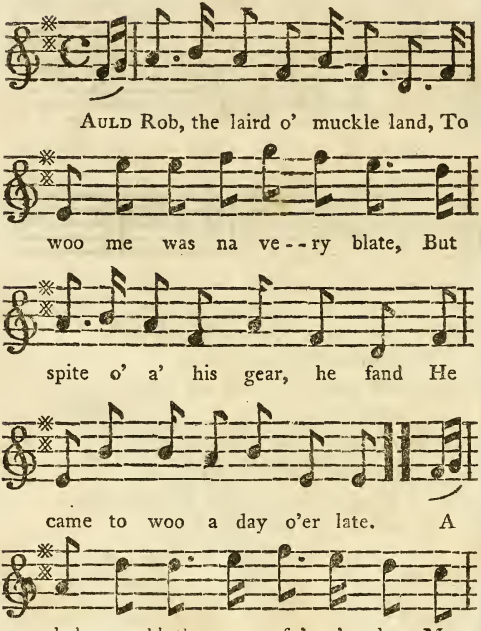
Craigie-burn Wood.

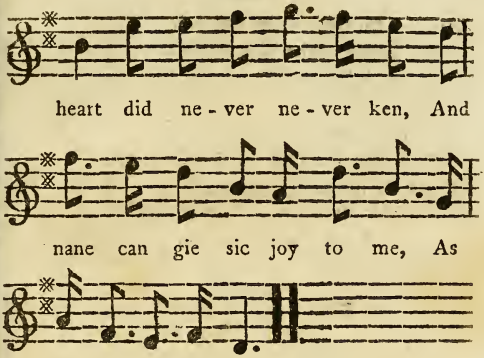




Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

Jamie o' the Glen.





My minny grat like daft, and rair'd,
To gar me wi' her will comply,
But still I wadna hae the laird,
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

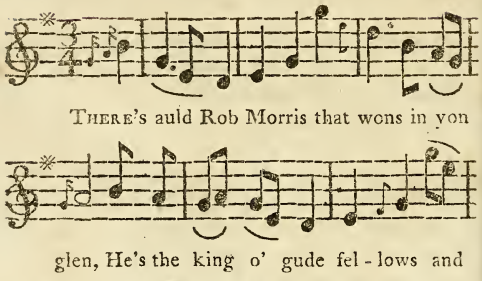
Ah, what are silks and satins braw?
What's a' his warldly gear to me?
They're daft that cast themsels awa,
Where nae content or love can be.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

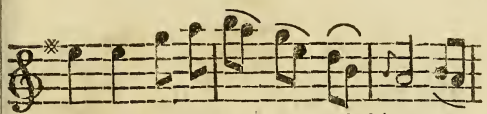
I cou'd na bide the silly clash
Cam hourly frae the gawky laird;

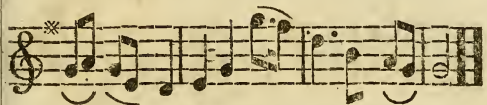
And sae to stop his gab and fash,
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka simmer's day sae lang,
And winter's, clad wi' frost and snaw,
A tunefu' lilt and bonny sang
Ay keep dull care and strife awa.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

Auld Rob Morris.







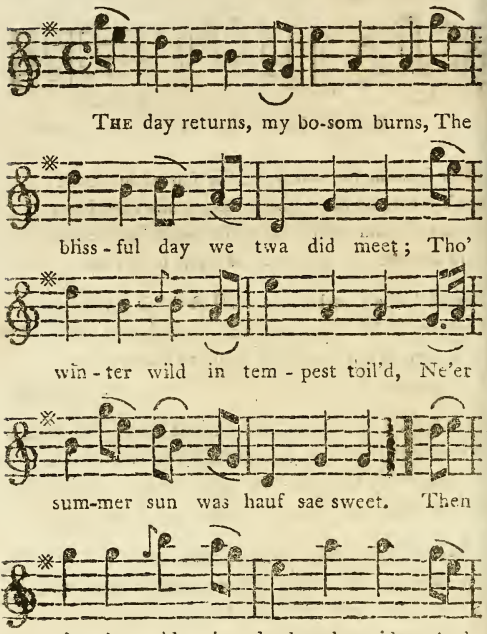
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

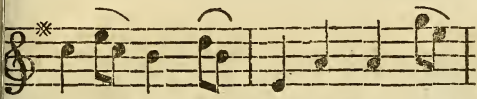
But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

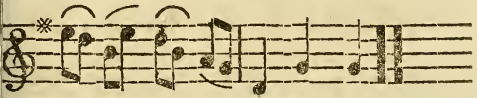
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

The Day returns, my Bosom burns.

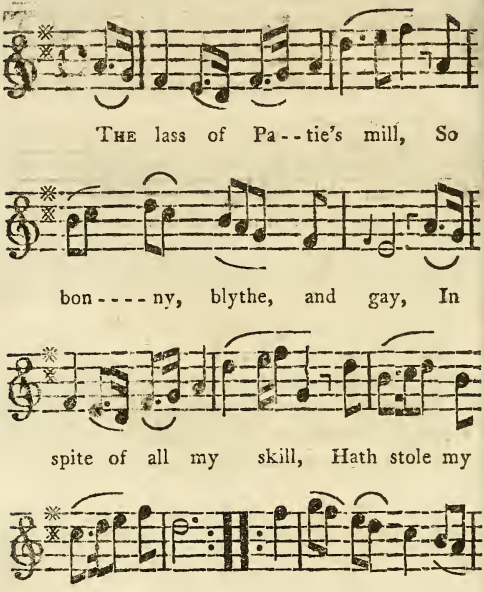


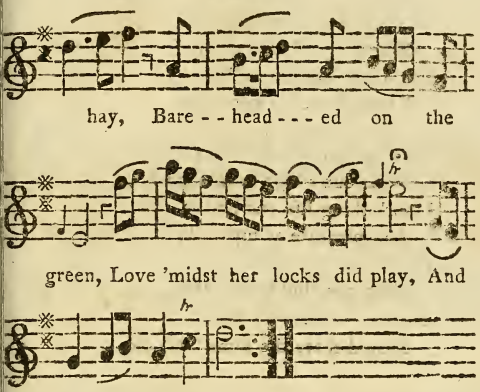




While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

The Lass of Patie's Mill.





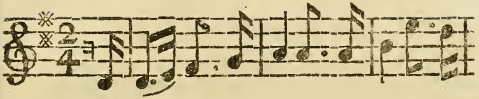
Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To Age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

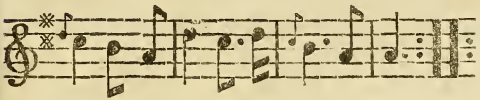
Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd;

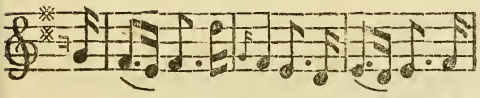
Her looks thy were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

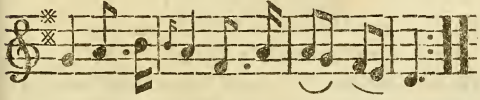
Oh! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I promise, and fulfil
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

Saw ye my Father.









It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin:
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
Then open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
And is my Johnny true?
I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Fair Jenny.

To the foregoing Tune.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At ev'ning the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

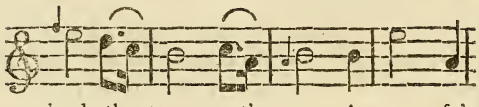
Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

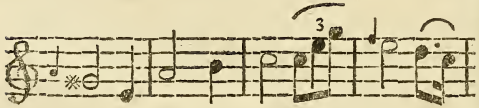
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

Lord Gregory.

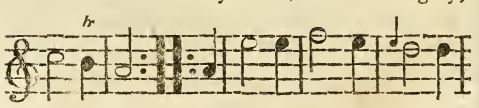
O MIRK mirk is this midnight hour, And



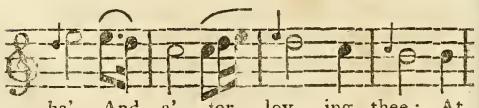
loud the tem--pest's roar; A wae--fu'



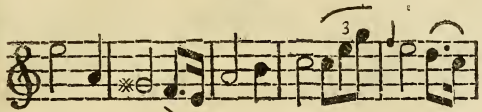
wand'rer seeks thy tower, Lord Gre--gory,



ope thy door. An ex-ile frae her fa-ther's



ha', And a' for lov--ing thee; At



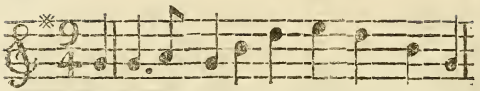
least some *pi - - ty* on me shaw, If *love* it

may na be.

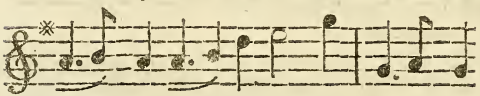
Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonny Irwine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang lang had denied?
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for ay be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heav'n and me!

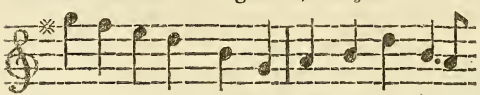
The Blythesome Bridal.



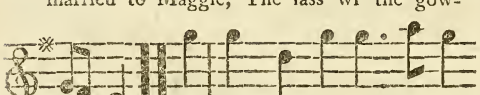
Come, fy let us a' to the bri - dal, For



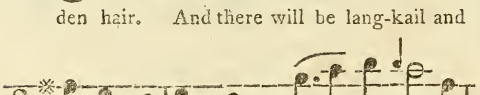
there'll be lilt - ing there, For Jock's to be



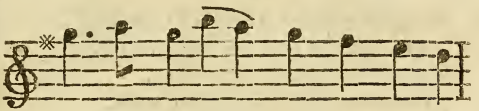
married to Maggie, The lass wi' the gow-



den hair. And there will be lang-kail and



castocks, And bannocks o' bar - - ley meal, And



And there will be Sandy the sutor,
  And Will wi' the meikle mou',
And there will be Tam the blutter,
  Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow:
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
  Wi' thumbless Katie's gudeman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
  And Lowrie the laird o' the lan'.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
  And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
  That wins in the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
  Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie,
  The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse.
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
And play'd the fool in Mons-Meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name;
Muck Maddie, and fat-hipped Girsy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
Wi' his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,
And mizzled-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings,
Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.

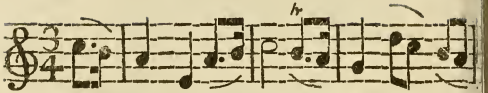
And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate;

Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And cauler nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
Wi' singit sheep-heads and a haggis,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

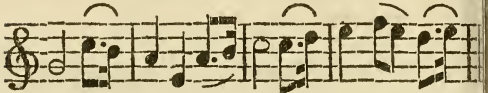
And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
And brandy in stoups and in caups;
And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
Wi' skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
O' fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill o' gude snishin to prie;
When weary wi' eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be lilting there,
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

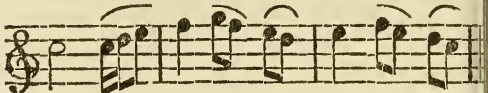
Alloa House.



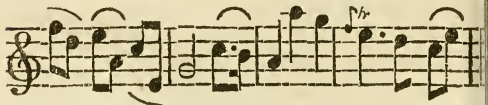
THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green



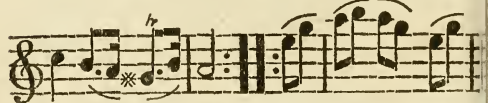
plains, And Al - lo - a shines more cheerful and



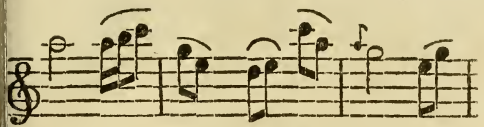
gay; The lark tunes his throat, and the

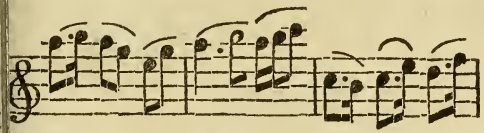


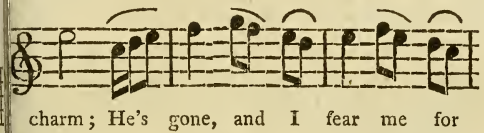
neighbouring swains Sing merrily round me where-

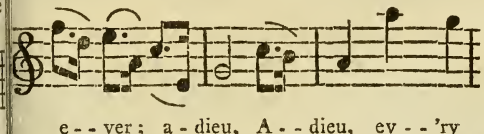


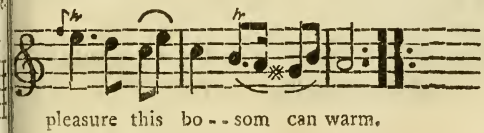
e - - ver I stray. But San - dy no


more re - - - turns to my view; No


spring-time me cheers, no mu - - sic can


charm; He's gone, and I fear me for


e - - ver; a - dieu, A - - dieu, ev - - 'ry


pleasure this bo - - som can warm.

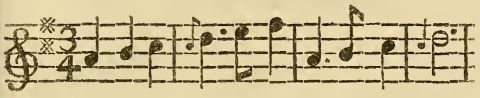
O Alloa House! how much art thou chang'd!
How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove.
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told,
Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung;
Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,
Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last faultering accents suppress;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly address.
My Nelly, my fair, I come, O my love!
No power shall tear thee again from my arms;
And, Nelly, no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

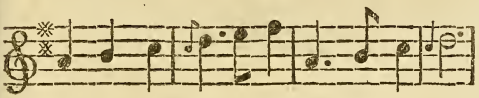
She heard, and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;
And will you, my love, be true? she reply'd,
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same,
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind,
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true;
Then adieu to all sorrow; what soul is so blind
As not to live happy for ever with you?

Had I a Cave.

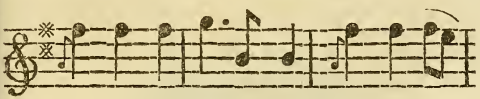
TUNE—Robin Adair.



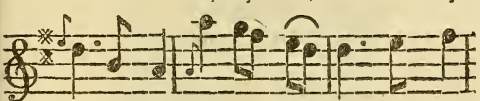
HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,



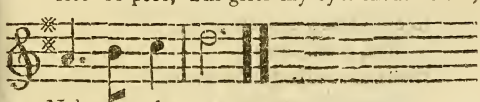
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;



There would I weep my woes, There seek my



lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes should close,



Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

Phillis the Fair.

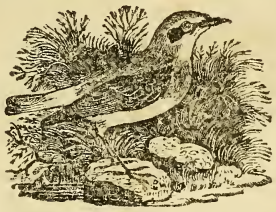
To the foregoing Tune.

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn, did I cry,
Phillis the fair!

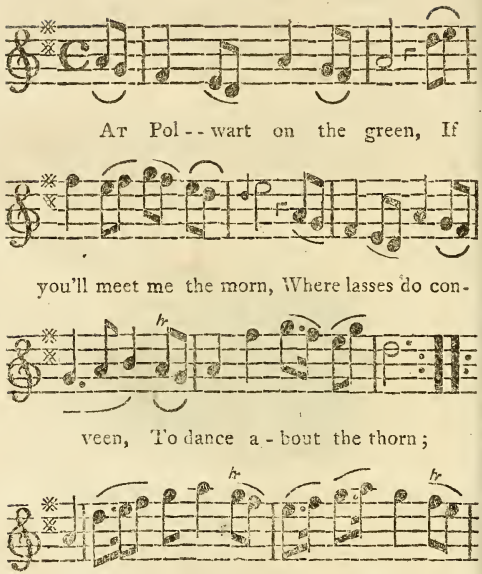
In each bird's careless song,
Glad, I did share,
While yon wild flow'rs among,
Chance led me there:

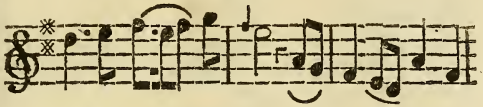
Sweet to the op'ning day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom, did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

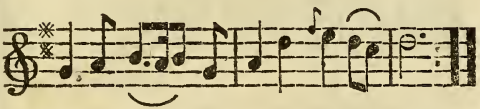


Polwart on the Green.





her wha likes to view A lo-ver and a

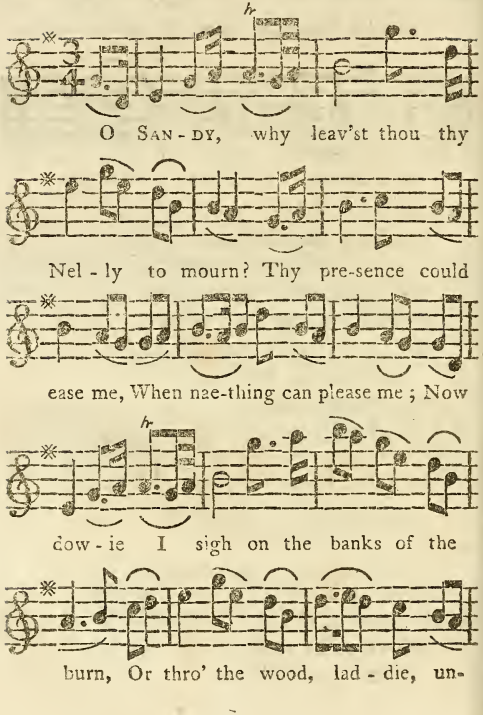


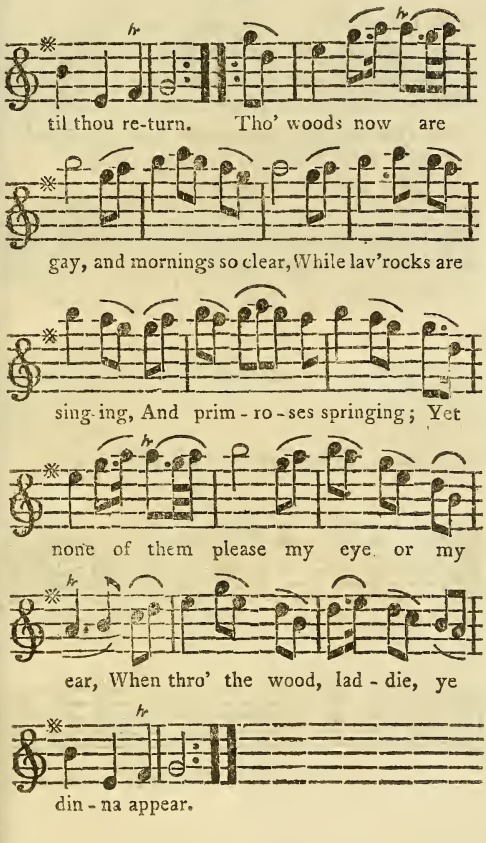
lad complete, The lad and lo-ver you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze:
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
Wi' sangs and dancing keen,
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd o' thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To tak a part o' mine.

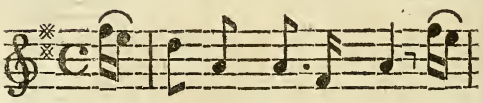
Through the Wood, Laddie.



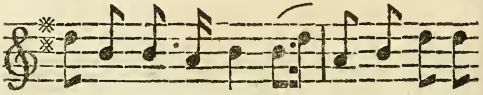

til thou re-turn. Tho' woods now are
gay, and mornings so clear, While lav'rocks are
sing-ing, And prim-ro-ses springing; Yet
none of them please my eye or my
ear, When thro' the wood, lad-die, ye
din-na appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.
But stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

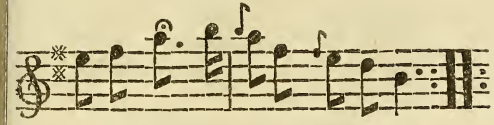
The Absent Lover.



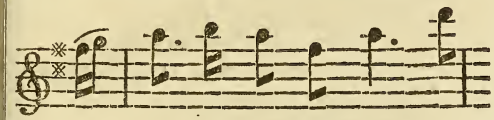
WHAT ails this heart o' mine? What



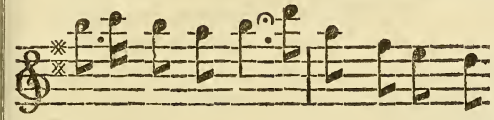
ails this wa-t'ry ee? What gars me ay turn



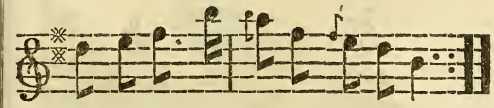
cauld as death, When I tak leave o' thee?



When thou art far a - - - wa, Thou'lt



dear - er grow to me, But change o' fouk and



change o' place May gar thy fan - cy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Just by yon spreading tree,
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Whare I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,
By ev'ry burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Tho' lovers absent be,
And when I think I see thee still,
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

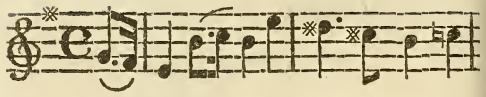
O Mary, turn awa.

To the foregoing Tune.

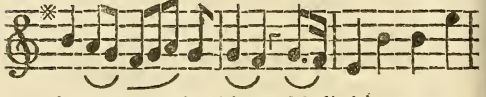
O Mary, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine,
And dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine.
Can ought o' warld's gear
E'er cool my bosom's care?
Na, na, for ilka look o' thine,
It only feeds despair.

Then, Mary, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair,
And o'er my breast the grass maun grow,
Ere I am free frae care.

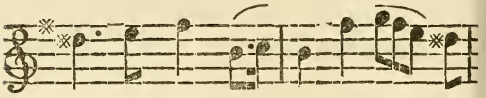
She rose and let me in.



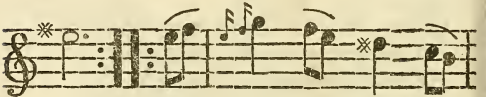
THE night her si-lent sa - - ble wore, And



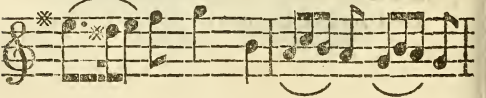
gloomy were the skies; Of glitt'ring stars ap-



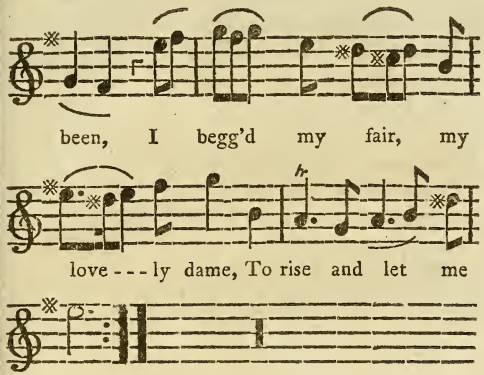
pear'd no more, Than those in Nel - - ly's



eyes. When to her fa - - ther's



door I came, Where I had ot - - ten



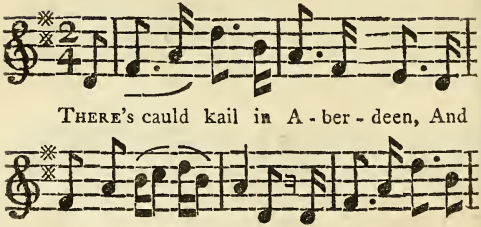
But she, with accents all divine,
  Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
  She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
  While her bright eyes did roll;
But virtue only had the pow'r
  To charm my very soul.

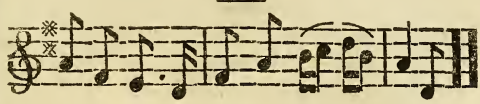
Then who would cruelly deceive,
  Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
  The charmer of my heart.

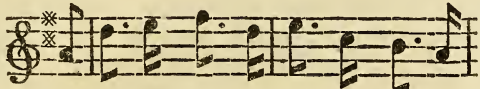
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

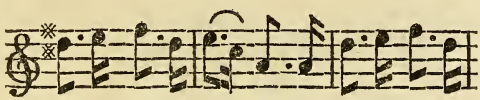
Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd fluttering heart,
But virtue only is the chain,
Holds, never to depart.

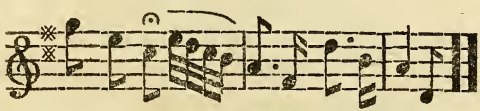
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.











Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna want my cogie,
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa or three todlin weans they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses ay his cogie;
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog!
"Oh, wae betide the cogie!
"It does mair skaith than a' the ills
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
And, what they maist did laugh at,
She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gowff'd his haffet,
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog!
"Oh, wae betide the cogie!
"It does mair skaith than a' the ills
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
And for ilk silly whingin fool,
We'll duck him in the bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie:
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

Another Set.

To the foregoing Tune.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie,
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gie me a lass that's clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull in country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an al'mande prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wondrous light,
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She looks sae keen and vogie:

Now, piper lad, bring up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got his lass,
Save yon auld doited Fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try each other to surpass,
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

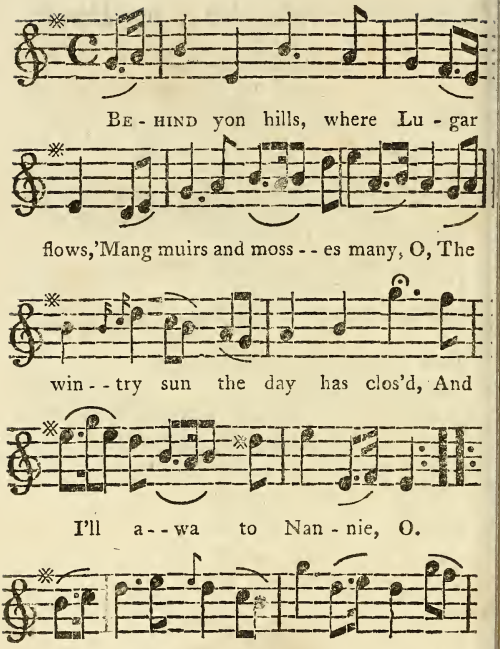
Come let me take thee to my Breast.

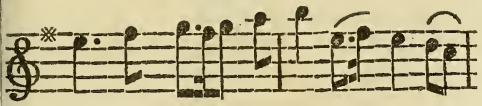
To the foregoing Tune.

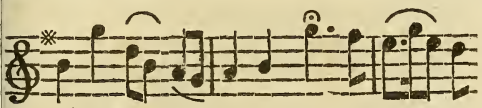
COME let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur.
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

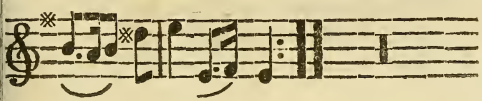
Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

My Nannie, O.


Be - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar
flows,'Mang muirs and moss - - es many, O, The
win - - try sun the day has clos'd, And
I'll a - - wa to Nan - nie, O.
The westlin wind blaws loud and shill, The







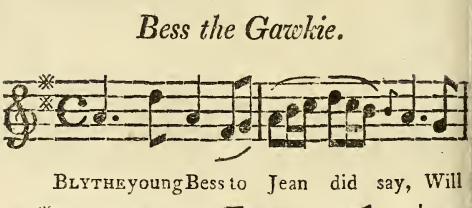
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

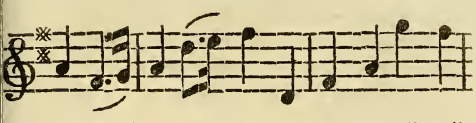
A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me.
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

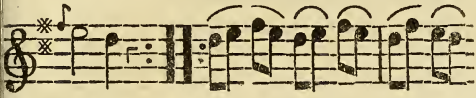
Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O,
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

Bess the Gawkie.

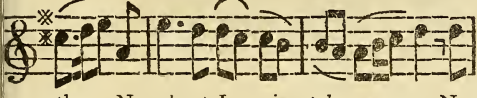




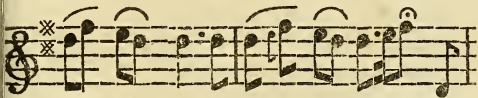
feed, and herds do stray, And sport a while wi'



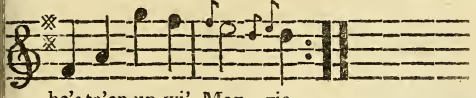
Jamie? Ah na, lass, I'll no gang



there, Nor about Ja - mie tak a care, Nor



a - - bout Ja - mie tak a care, For



he's ta'en up wi' Mag - gie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,
Out owre the muir to Maggie:

I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
" That Bess was but a gawkie.

" For when a civil kiss I seek,
" She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
" And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
" Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
" But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
" She'll gie a score without offence;
" Now gie me ane into the mense,
" And ye shall be my dawtie."

' O Jamie, ye hae mony ta'en,
' But I will never stand for ane,
' Or twa, when we do meet again,
' So ne'er think me a gawkie.'
" Ah na, lass, that canna be;
" Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
" Or ony thy sweet face that see,
" E'er to think thee a gawkie."

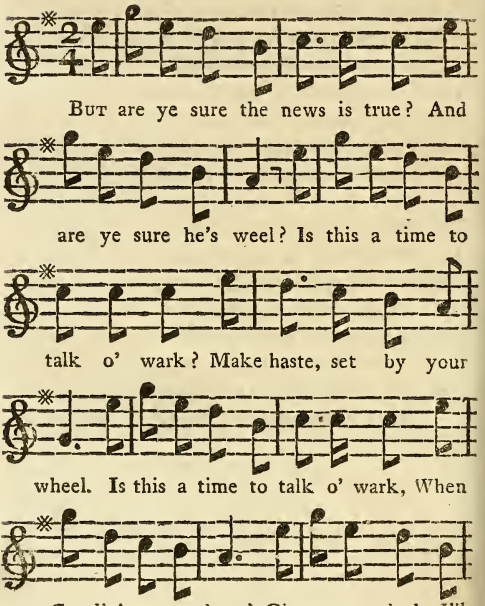
But whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.

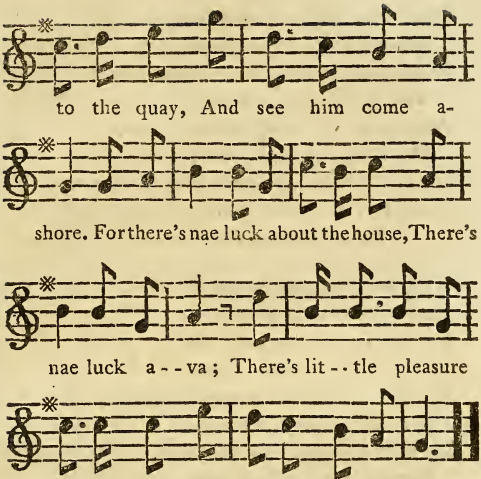
" O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
" When I came by, your gown sae new;
" I think you've got it wat wi' dew."
Quoth she, " That's like a gawkie.

" It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
" And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
" Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
" And tell it to your dawtie."
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cried, " O cruel maid, but sweet,
" If I should gang anither gate,
" I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
" Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

Nae Luck about the House.





Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat:
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
'S been fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

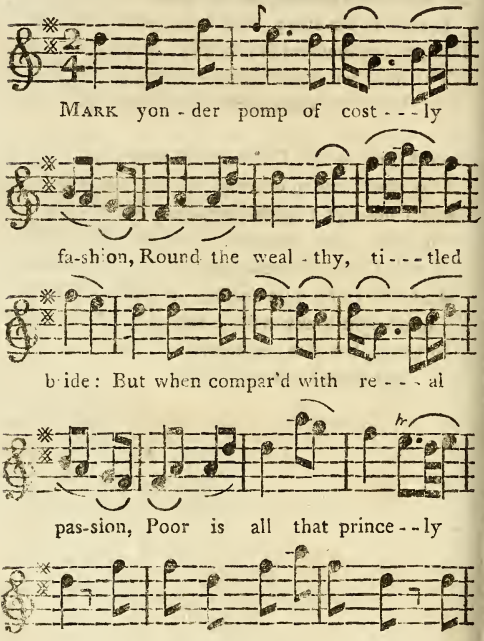
Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath like cauler air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

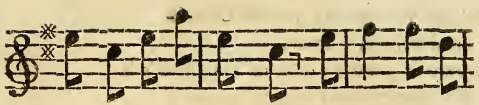
The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

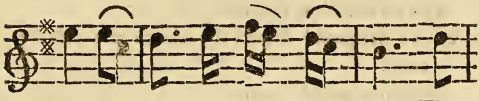
Mark yonder Pomp of costly Fashion.

TUNE—Deil tak the Wars.

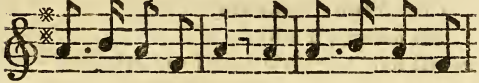




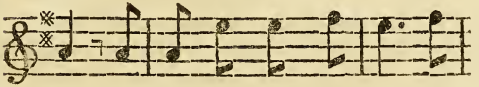
are their noi-sy pleasures? The gay gau - dy



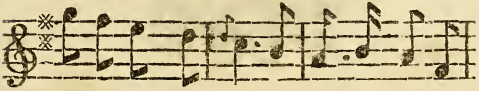
glare of va - - ni - - ty and art: The



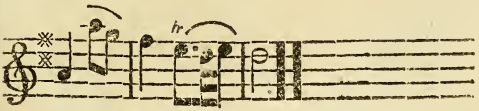
polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring



gaze, And court - ly gran - deur bright, The



fan-cy may delight, But ne - ver, ne - ver



can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flow'r is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown;
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

The Lover's Morning Salute.

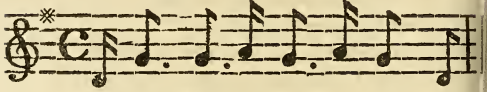
To the foregoing Tune.

Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts her eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray:
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower,
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

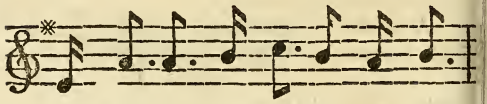
Phœbus gilding the brow o' the morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky:

But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart,
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

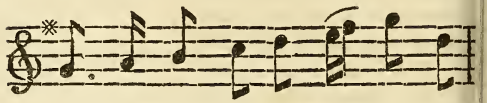
O'er the Muir amang the Heather.



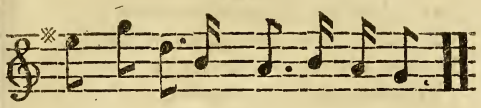
Com - ing thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-



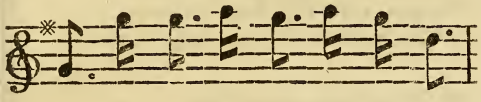
mang the bon - - ny blooming hea - ther,



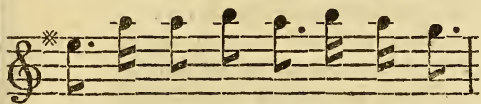
There I met a bon - - ny las - - sie,



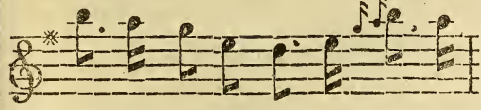
Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gi-ther.



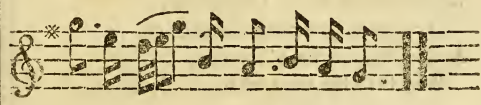
O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther,



O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther;



There I met a bon--ny las--sie,



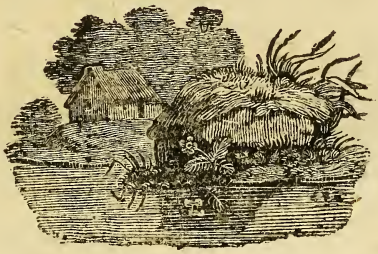
Keeping a' her ewes the-gi-ther.

Says I, My dear, whare is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether;
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

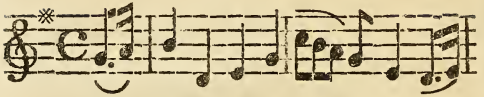
While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne,
I could na think on ony ither:
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.

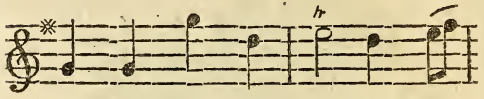


Hamilla.

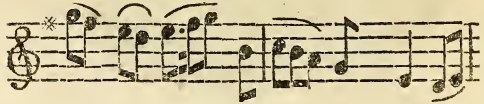
TUNE—The bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.



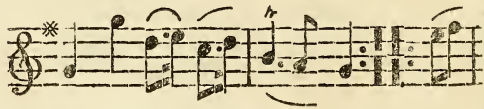
Look where my dear Hamil - la smiles, Ha-



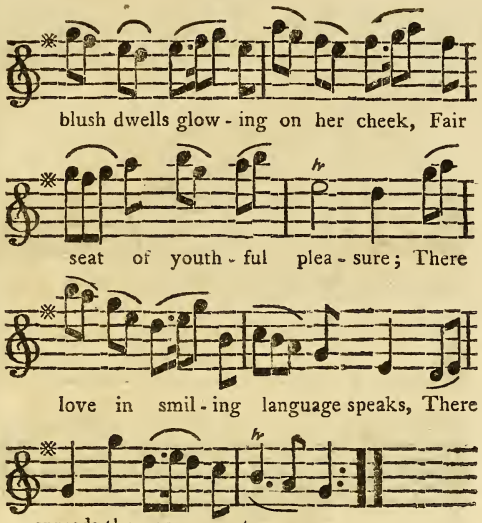
mil - - la, heav'n - ly charm - er! See



how, with all their arts and wiles, The

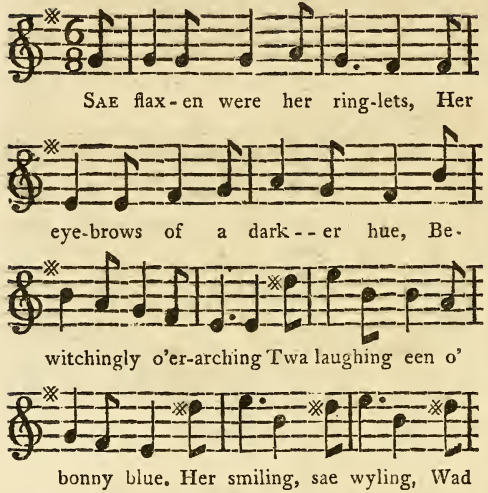


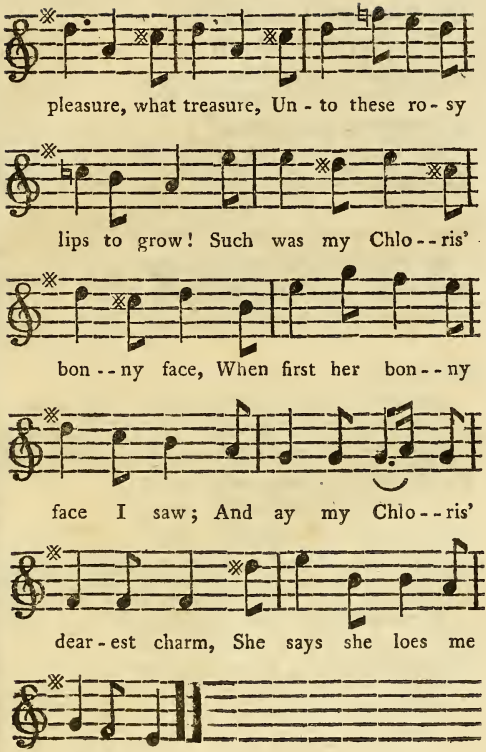
loves and gra - ces arm her. A



O fairest maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

Sae flaxen were her Ringlets.

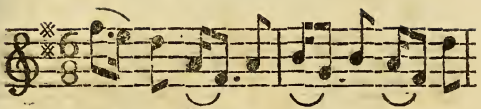


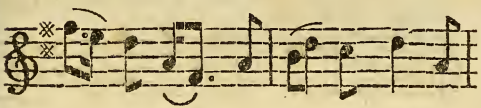

pleasure, what treasure, Un - to these ro - sy
lips to grow! Such was my Chlo - - ris'
bon - - ny face, When first her bon - - ny
face I saw; And ay my Chlo - - ris'
dear - est charm, She says she loes me
best of a'.

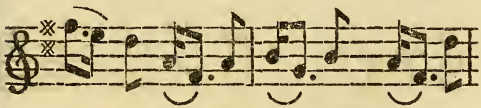
Like harmony her motion,
  Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
  Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
  Her fau'tless form and gracefu' air,
Ilk feature—auld Nature
  Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
  By conquering Beauty's sovereign law,
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
  She says she loes me best of a'.

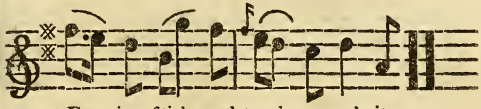
Let others love the city,
  And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
  The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
  Her silver light the boughs amang,
While falling, recalling,
  The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
  By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
  And say thou loes me best of a'?

Sweetest May.



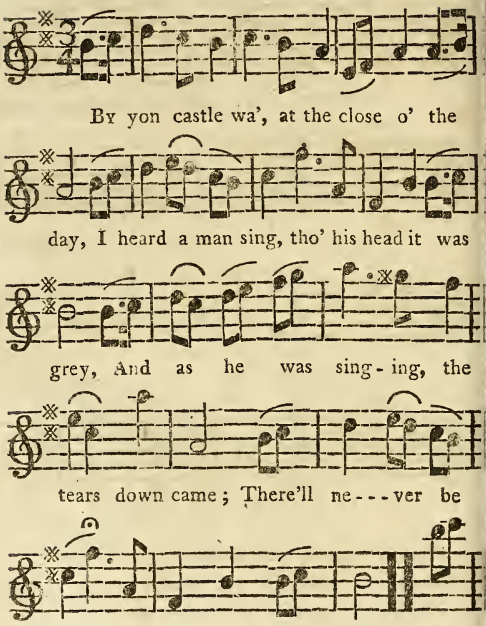


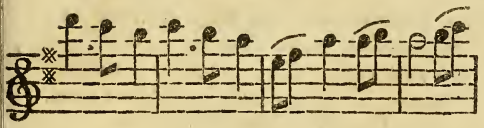




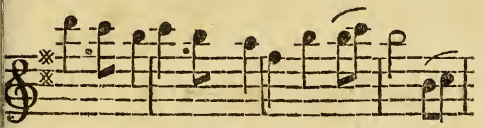
Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonny,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

There'll never be Peace, &c.

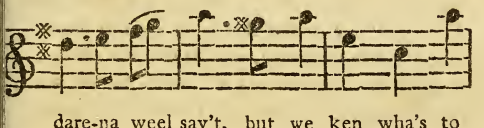




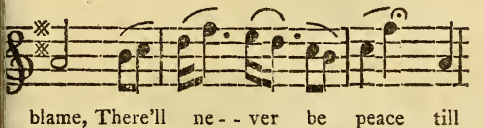
church is in ru - ins, the state is in jars, De-



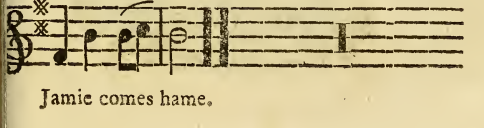
lusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; We



dare-na weel say't, but we ken wha's to



blame, There'll ne - - ver be peace till



Jamie comes hame.

Sin' Jamie was banish'd, and Willie came o'er,
Our sports are grown irksome, and life it is sour;
Our nobles are strangers to honour or fame,
Wha bows to another while Jamie's frae hame.
Tho' friends he has many, to serve him are keen,
Wi' heavy taxations they keep us ay mean:
But some time or other we'll finish our scheme,
And bring oursels peace and the king back again.

I had seven sons wha for Jamie drew sword,
But now I greet o'er their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,
Sin' Jamie and peace they are baith o' them gane.
Now grief is a burden that bows me sair down,
Sin' I lost my children, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

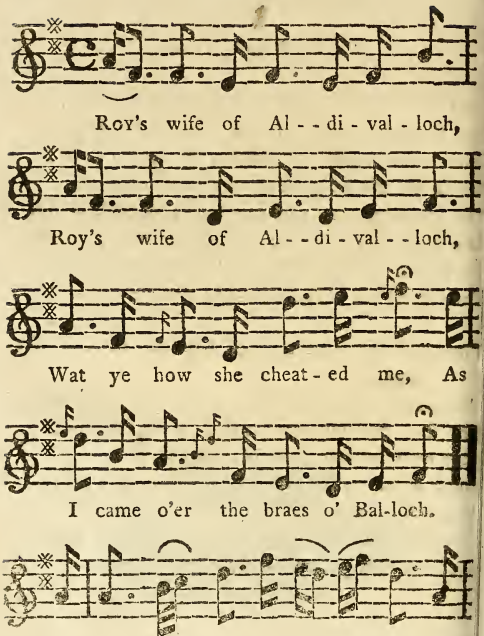
My Nannie's awa.

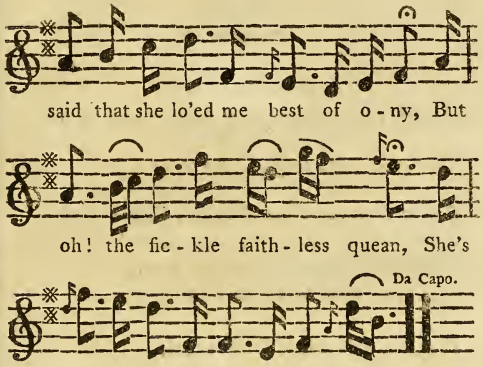
To the foregoing Tune.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat on the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.
Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.





O she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy.

To the foregoing Tune.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewel! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

The Answer.

To the foregoing Tune.

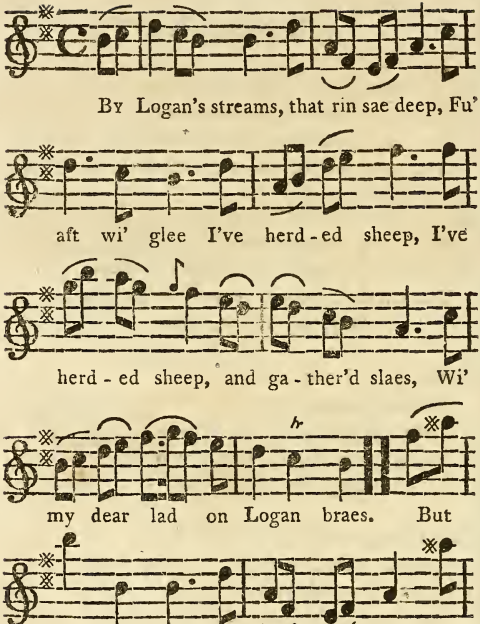
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
For, ah! thou know'st na ev'ry pang
Wad wring my bosom, shouldst thou leave me.

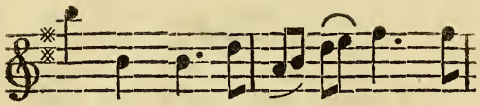
Tell me that thou yet art true,
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
And when this heart proves fause to thee,
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

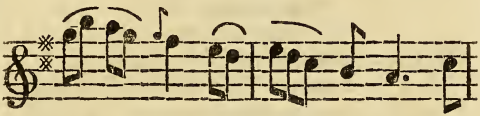
But to think I was betray'd,
That fausehood e'er our loves should sunder!
To take the flow'ret to my breast,
And find the guilefu' serpent under.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

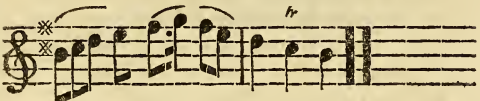
Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
That heav'n I'd find within thy bosom.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Logan Water.


By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu'
aft wi' glee I've herd-ed sheep, I've
herd-ed sheep, and ga-ther'd slaes, Wi'
my dear lad on Logan braes. But
waes my heart! thae days are gane, And







Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
Weel may I sing thae days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me or Logan braes.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide.

To the foregoing Tune.

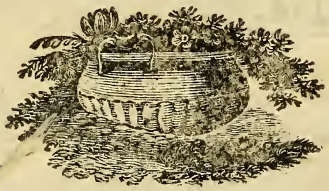
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the Simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumly Winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs;
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

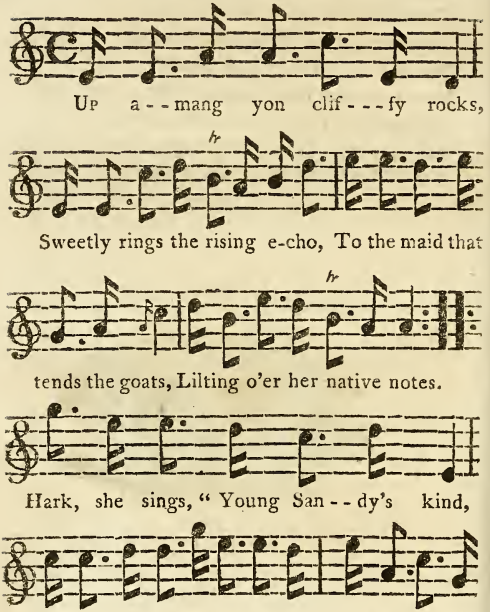
Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his sang her cares beguile:

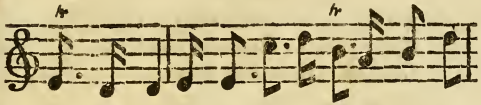
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

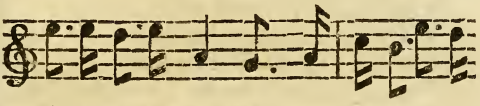


The Maid that tends the Goats.





ne'er shall tine, I'ill he's fairly married to me;



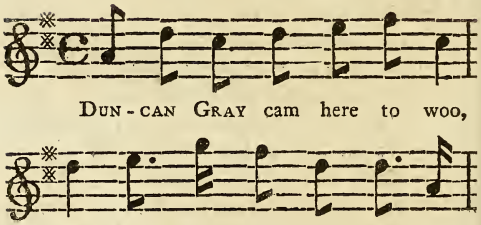
Drive a-wa, ye drone, time, And bring about our

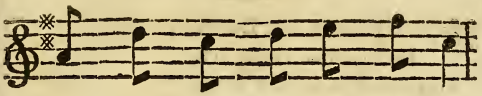
bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;
" Aften does he blaw the whistle
" In a strain sae saftly sweet,
" Lammies list'ning darena bleat.
" He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
" Hardy as the Highland heather,
" Wading through the Winter snow,
" Keeping ay his flock thegither:
" But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
" He braves the bleakest nor'lin blast.

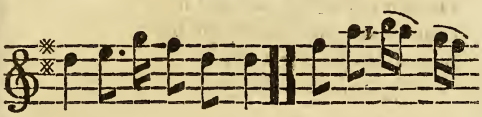
" Brawly he can dance and sing,
" Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
" Nane can ever match his fling,
" At a reel, or round a ring.
" Wightly can he weild a rung;
" In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
" A' his praise can ne'er be sung
" By the langest-winded sangster.
" Sangs that sing o' Sandy
" Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

Duncan Gray.

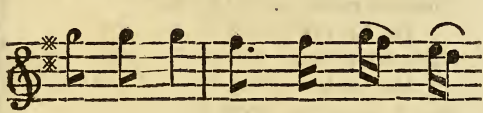




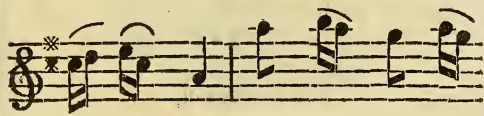
blythe Yule night when we were fu',



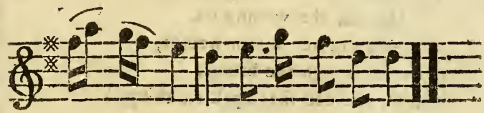
Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Maggie coost her



head fu' heigh, Look'd a--sklent and



un--co skeigh; Gart poor Dun-can



stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

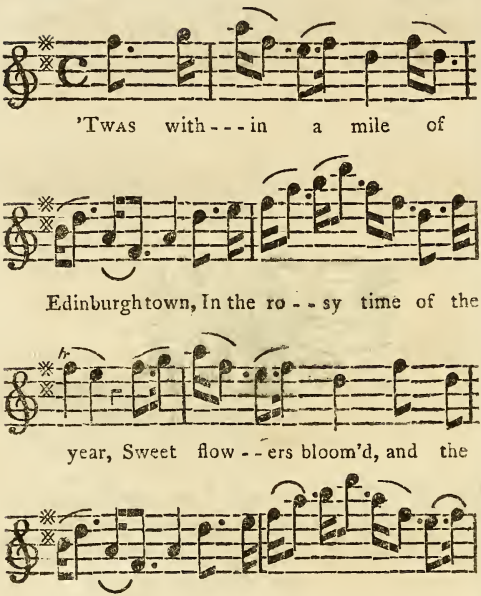
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a lin,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

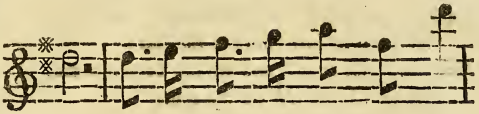
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

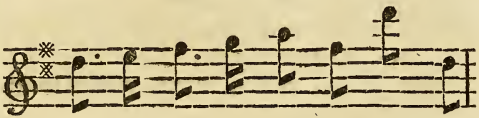
Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan cou'd na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

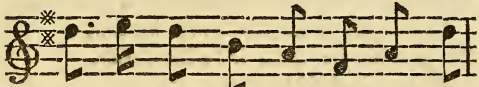




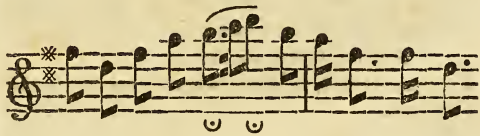
dear. Bon - ny Jock - ey, blythe and gay,



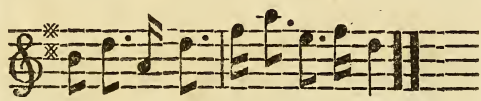
Kiss'd sweet Jen - ny ma - king hay; The



las - sie blush'd, and frown - ing cry'd, No,



no, it will not do; I can-not, can-not,

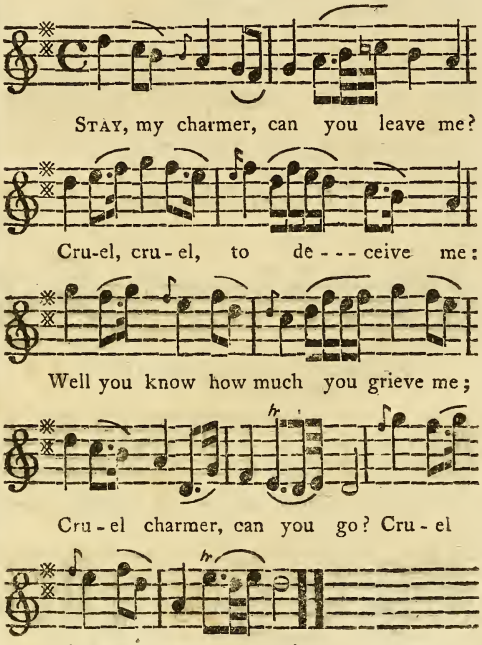


wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

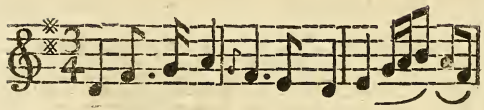
But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At church she no more frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me.

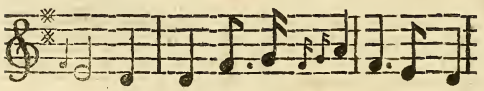


By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so,
Do not, do not leave me so.

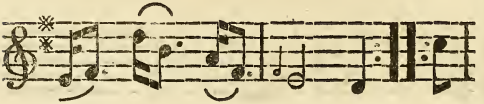
I'll never leave thee.



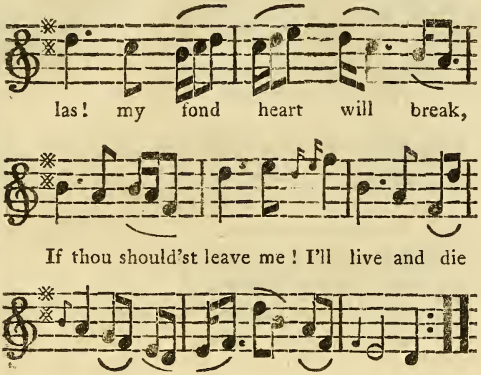
One day I heard Mary say, How shall I



leave thee? Stay, dearest A--donis, stay!



Why wilt thou grieve me? A-



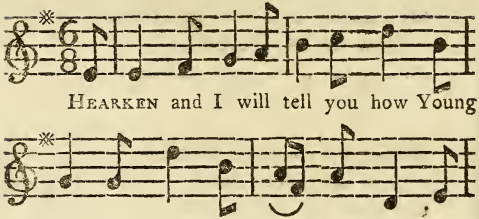
Say, lovely Adonis, say,
  Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
  New love to grieve thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
  Thou may'st believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
  And never leave thee.

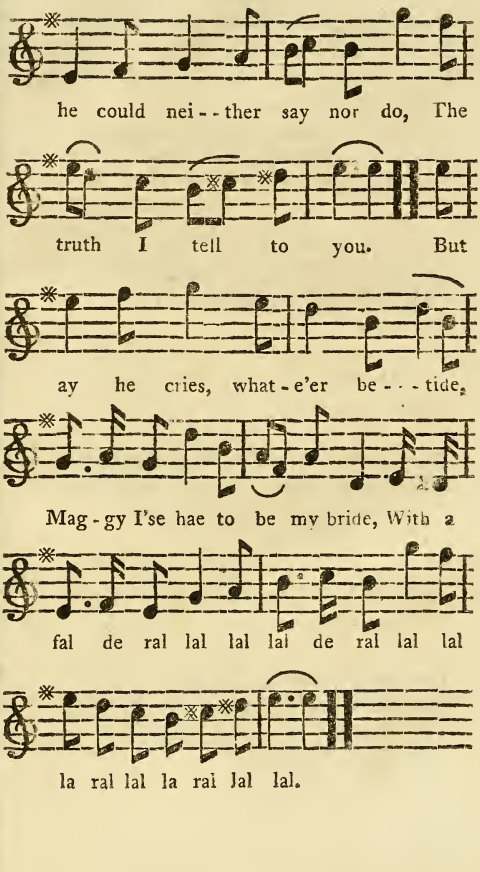
Adonis, my charming youth,
  What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
  This breast shall receive thee.

My passion shall ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
O, that thought makes me sad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

Muirland Willie.




he could nei--ther say nor do, The
truth I tell to you. But
ay he cries, what-e'er be---tide,
Mag-gy I'se hae to be my bride, With a
fal de ral lal lal lal de ral lal lal
la ral lal la rai lal lal.

On his grey yad as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
  Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out owre yon moss, out owre yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
  With a fal, &c.

Gudeman, quo' he, be ye within?
I'm come your doughter's love to win;
I carena for making meikle din;
  What answer gie ye me?
Now, wooer, quo' he, will ye come in?
I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,
  With a fal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Whare do ye won, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
  On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
  With a fal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleugh,
Twa gude gaun yades, and gear eneugh;
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
  I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides, I hae, frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard,
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysel you needna fear,
Troth, try me when you like.
He took aff his bannet, and spat out his chow,
He dighted his gab, and prie'd her mou',
With a fal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law;
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doughter wadna say me na,
But to yoursel she's left it a',
As we could gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae ye'se get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye,
Ye'se hae the wedding-dinner free;
Troth, I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's gree't,
With a fal, &c.

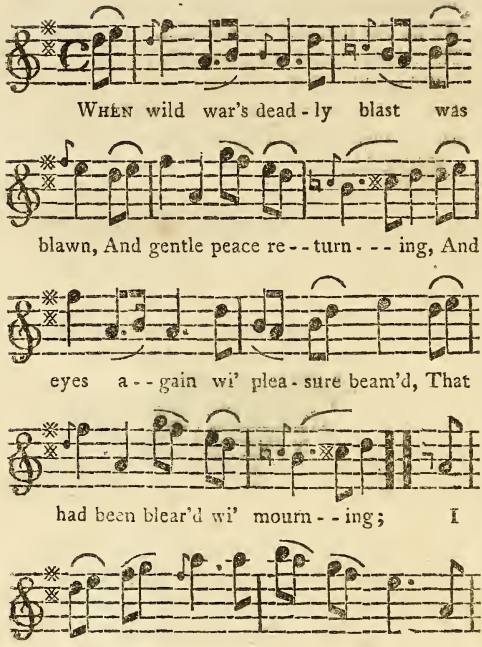
The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass;
But sickan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straiked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage-bands,
With a fal, &c.

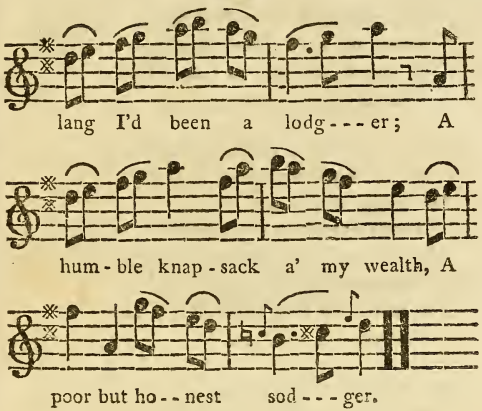
And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue;
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads' een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee:
And ay they bobbit, and ay they beck't,
And ay their wames thegither met,
With a fal, &c.

The Sodger's Return.





A leel light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And to dear Scotia hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang;
Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,
Syne pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,

I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

The Mill Mill O.

To the foregoing Tune.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still, O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will, O.
Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
She stirr'd na my joy to spill, O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

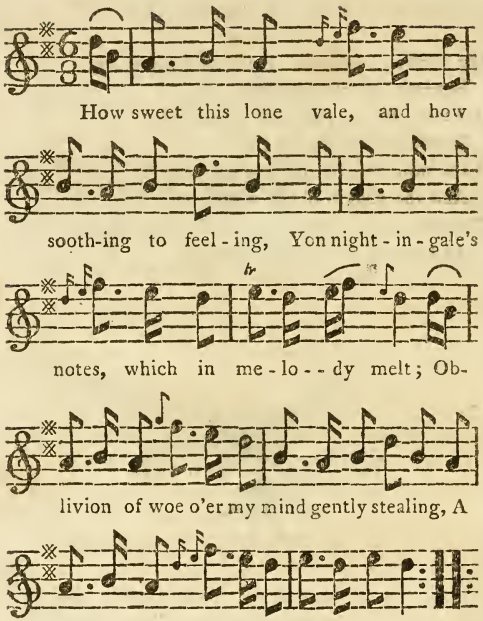
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the billow.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising Fame
Tauld me, wi' a voice right shrill, O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

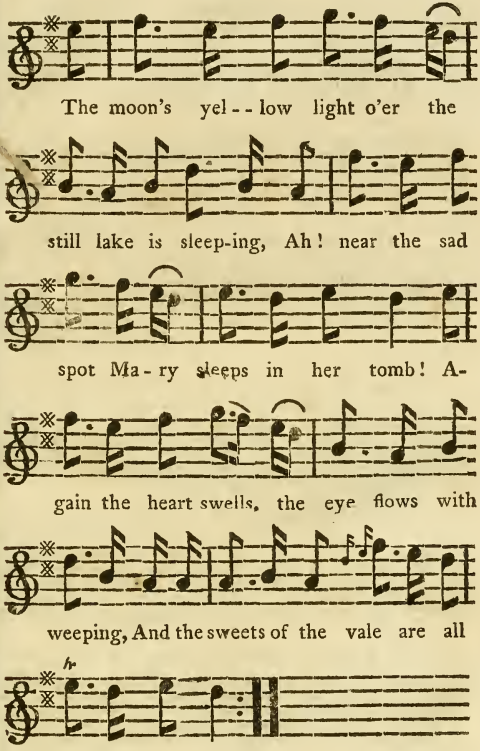
Mair fond o' her charms, wi' my son in her arms,
I ferlying spier'd how she fell, O;

Wi' the tear in her ee, quo' she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell, O.
But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
And bade a' her fears dispel, O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had none her the deed mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling Hill, O,
If I did offence, I'se mak ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
O the mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
And the coggin o' the wheel, O,
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round wi' a sodger reel, O.

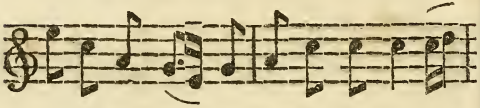
How sweet this lone Vale.



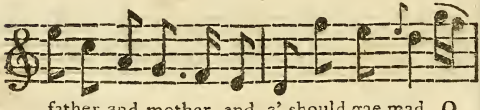

The moon's yel - - low light o'er the
still lake is sleep-ing, Ah! near the sad
spot Ma - ry sleeps in her tomb! A-
gain the heart swells, the eye flows with
weeping, And the sweets of the vale are all
shadow'd with gloom.

Whistle and I'll come to you.

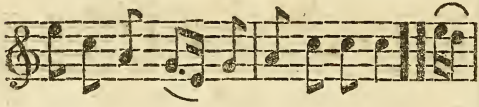
O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad, O



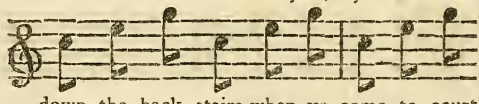
whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho'



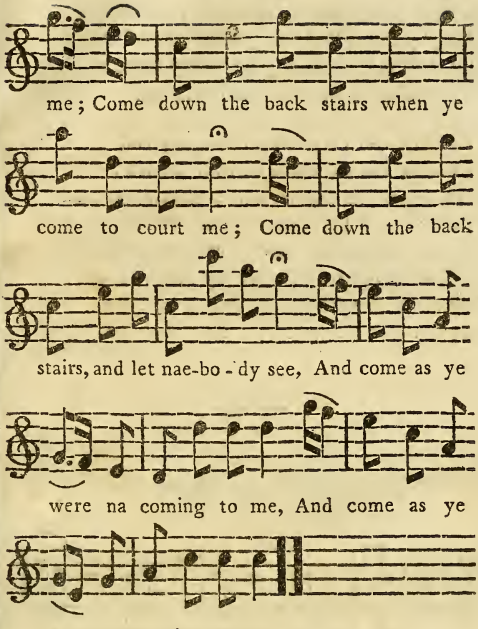
father and mother and a' should gae mad, O



whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. Come



down the back stairs when ye come to court

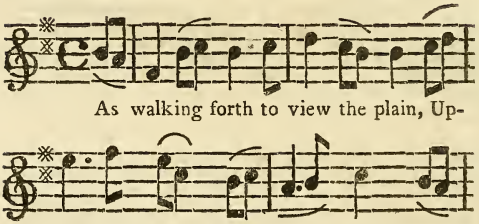


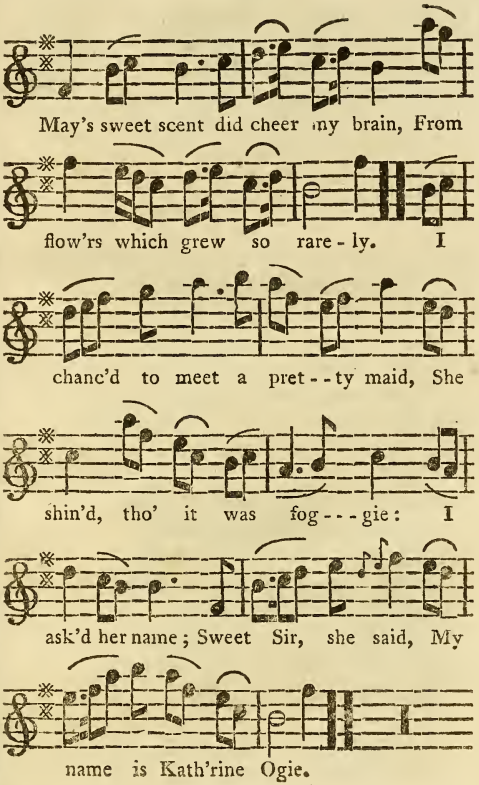
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flee,
But steal me a look o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

Kath'rine Ogie.




May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From
flow'rs which grew so rare - ly. I
chanc'd to meet a pret - - ty maid, She
shin'd, tho' it was fog - - - gie: I
ask'd her name; Sweet Sir, she said, My
name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately,
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air and graceful look
Excels each clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations,

I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For they are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd wi' Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are baith dark and foggie;
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie!

Highland Mary.

To the foregoing Tune.

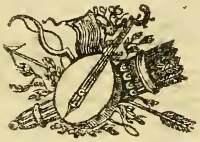
Ye banks and braes, and streams, around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie:
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

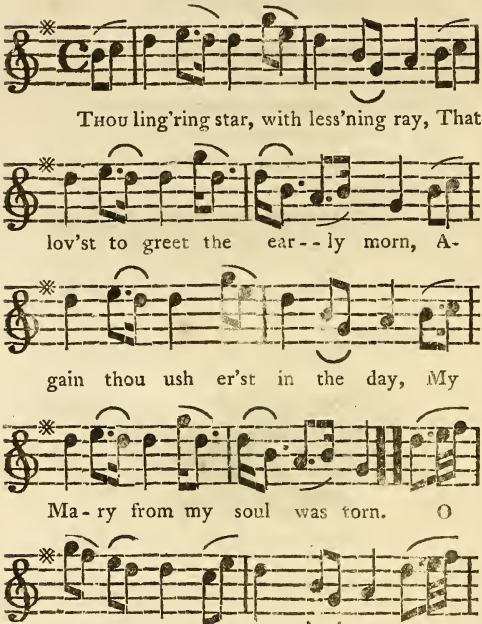
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.

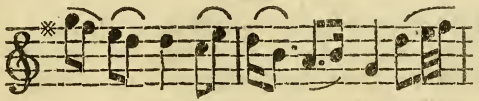
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flow'r sae early;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

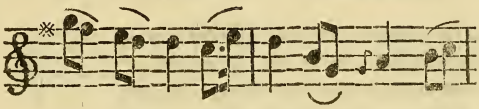
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly,
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

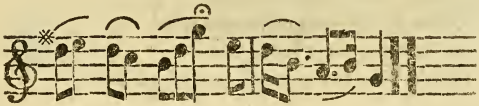


My Mary, dear departed Shade.









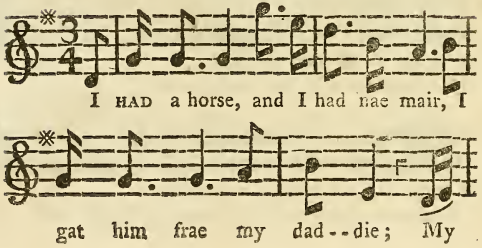
That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

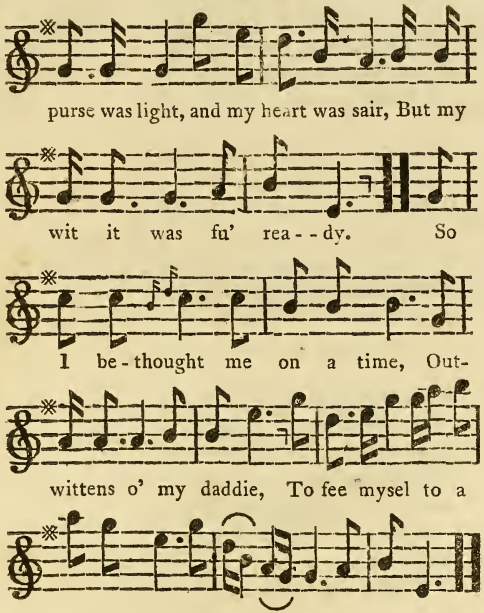
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;

The flow'rs sprang, wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

I had a Horse.





I wrote a letter, and thus began:
" Madam, be not offended;
" I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,
" And I carena though ye kend it:

" For I get little frae the laird,
" And far less frae my daddie,
" Yet I wad blythely be the man
" Wad strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh;
" Ye needna been sae blate, man,
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" And tauld me a' your state, man.
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" Outwittens o' ony body,
" And made John Goukston o' the laird,
" And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And vow, but I was vogie!
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
Since I cam frae my daddie;
The laird cam rap, rap! to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidy,
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gade out, he saw na me,
I staid till I was ready;

I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

O Poortith cauld.

To the foregoing Tune.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye break my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
If 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining!
Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining.

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonny blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
Wi' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never mak him eerie.
Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining?
Or sic a tender flow'r as love,
Depend on fortune's shining.

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